DANGER AHEAD! *A Frank Warning*
By **Senator Robert F. Wagner**

WEEK ENDING JULY 23, 1932

Liberty

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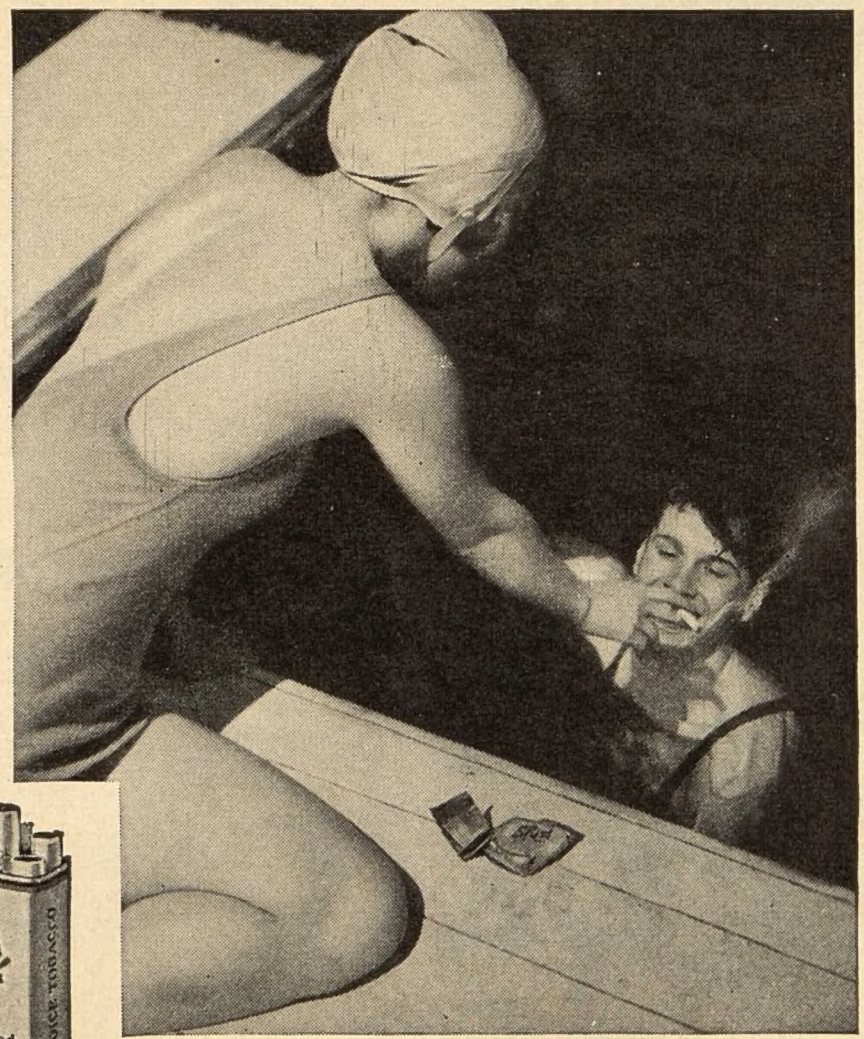

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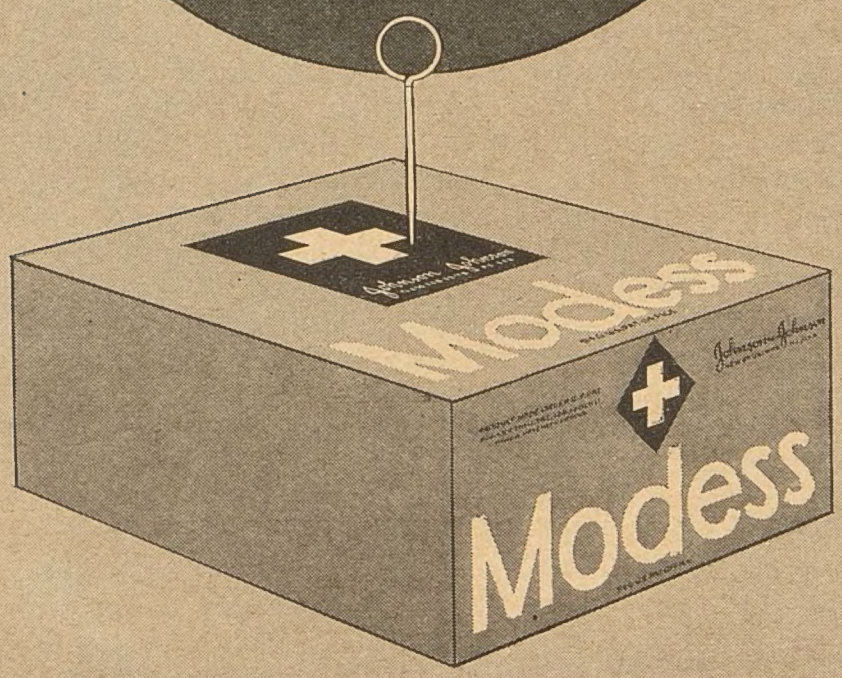

THIS SOFTER, SAFER NAPKIN

now lowest priced!

MODESS

... for less than the regular price of any other leading brand

AMERICA'S LUXURY NAPKIN—the only napkin that millions of particular women will use—why offer it at less than other leading brands?

To get *you* to try it—to see for yourself why Modess is preferred!

Just for a few weeks now, Modess is being sold at a new low price. Less than the price of any other well-known brand —46% less than the price of Modess last year.

Prices vary in different stores depending on location and service. But for these short weeks, the top price for Modess anywhere will be twenty-five cents.

A BRAND-NEW TYPE NAPKIN

There's no other sanitary napkin anything like Modess! You have to try it—wear it—to know real protection—comfort—inconspicuousness.

Modess never reveals itself—not even under your thinnest or most closely fitted frocks. You scarcely know you have it on—no one else could even suspect! The secret is the filler. So fluffy, so delicate and pliable that it molds to the body at once. No layers of sharp-edged paper—no stiff ends to outline themselves under soft fabric.

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This sale is your opportunity to buy new comfort and sanitary protection for months to come—and save money!

try-it-and-see!

LOOK AT THE PRICE! Less than any other leading brand! Now's the time to get the best—and save!

LOOK AT THE FILLER! Notice the fluffy, gentle texture. Just compare it with the others!

TEST ABSORBENCY! A bottle of ink poured on Modess won't go through the moisture-defying back.

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

JULY 23, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 30

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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WELL, LET'S BE CHEERFUL!

The tax bill has now begun to operate. We are paying more money for theater tickets, stamps, etc. But why worry?

A few cents more or less should not make any difference. If we have our health and are able to perform our daily duties with ease and a certain amount of enjoyment we should be satisfied—reasonably so.

We cannot have everything our own way; we ought to be willing to compromise in every phase of life. So many people want to control the lives of other people.

That is the cause of our prohibition imbroglio.

The drys want to stop drunkenness. In the old days of the saloon the workingman would drop in on Saturday night and he would go home minus his wages, befuddled in mind, and weakened in body. We cannot blame people for desiring to stop such tragedies.

But prohibition brought us many evils that are far worse. And the present law will undoubtedly be changed or annulled.

But there is no need of being down in the dumps. We are not headed toward eternal damnation, and there is no reason why we should not be hopeful for the future.

Our present problems will be effectively attacked in the coming Presidential campaign, and we will have a bully time quarreling about the various issues of this hectic political competition. There will be marching and hurrahing and all sorts of ballyhooing for our various candidates. We can rest assured that it will be interesting.

We will all have something to fight for, something to talk about. Argufying will become more popular than ever. And if fists fly now and then in an endeavor to settle an argument, a few bruises will probably be the extent of the damage.

Anyway, let's be cheerful!

Soak up as much optimism as possible. Pessimism never got us anywhere. We may think there is nothing to be hopeful about at times, but buck up and cut out the "blue devils."

We may not be as rich as we were a few years ago—in money—but what's the difference? The same sun shines overhead; the moon is just as brilliant as ever. Our made-to-order depression has not affected the Almighty; He goes on with just the same serene, calm indifference. There has been no diversion or change in any phase of natural law.

Most of us still have more food than is good for us. The statement has often been repeated that, figuratively, we dig our graves with our teeth—meaning that we eat more than is good for us. And if this scarcity of money compels many people to confine their diet to more simple foods, it will mean better health and longer life, and more satisfaction with life in general.

Try the experiment of forgetting the depression and this irritating prohibition problem. Both of these unpleasant subjects will be out of the way within another year or two, and then we will have other problems to face. In fact, life is hardly worth while unless we have something to grow excited about.

Now, the object of this spontaneous outburst is to interest our friends in self-analysis. Life is still worth while and there are still opportunities for joyous acclaim.

Let's be joyous! Why not?

To hell with the pessimistic croakers! We'll pull through, no matter who is elected.

THE FIRST STORY OFFER

Owing to the enormous number of manuscripts received in response to our First Story Offer, and our desire to give each one full and fair consideration, final decisions have not yet been made. As soon as possible, announcement will be made of the names of those authors whose manuscripts have been accepted. In the meantime rejected manuscripts are being returned as rapidly as possible.

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LAST CHANCE to get into this $25,000 argument

Here are the prizes for this month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"		For best Palmolive "blurbs"	
1st	$500	1st	$500
2nd	125	2nd	125
3rd	50	3rd	50
9 next	25	9 next	25
20 next	10	20 next	10
200 next	5	200 next	5

Names of previous winners sent on request

Write your "blurb" now. Contest closes July 31.

GET in on this $25,000 argument! You Palmolive users—Hank wants your help. You Colgate shavers—Pete says, "Stick with me!"

Just write a "blurb" like those above. In your own words, say YOUR say—in favor of Palmolive OR in favor of Colgate's.

Here's the idea. Palmolive and Colgate's are far and away the world's most popular shaving creams. They outsell all others in a field of 176 competing brands. Millions of Colgate users swear there's nothing better. Millions of shavers are sold solid on Palmolive.

We want to know where *you* stand. Here's your chance to tell us—and a chance to get a slice of that $25,000! In ONE of the empty "blurb" spaces at right (or better on a separate sheet of paper) write your boost for Colgate's or Palmolive—*not both*. Just get into the argument. Say your say in your own words. Do it now!

Here's where you take your shot at some of that $25,000

Pete wants you Colgate users to back him up. Hank wants every Palmolive shaver's help. Start *now* and get into this $25,000 argument! This is your last chance. Contest closes finally July 31st.

Palmolive Users

Colgate Users

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-7, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29 . $4200	Mar. 31 . $4200
April 30 . $4200	May 31 . $4200
June 30 . $4200	July 31 . $4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is open only to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families may *not* compete. In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some of the reasons why more men prefer Colgate's and Palmolive than any other shaving cream.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

DANGER

Acme photo

Senator Wagner, German born, has won his way in this country since his childhood. His rise to the United States Senate included thirteen years in the New York state legislature and seven on the state supreme bench, which he left in 1926.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE traditions we cherish cannot endure in a world torn by war, confused by hate, and distracted by hunger. Unless we hasten to preserve our civilization, others who see in it nothing of value will tear it up by the roots.

Our people ask for bread, and we give them ballyhoo. Man cannot live by bread alone. But he cannot live on optimism alone.

When Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, was told that her people had no bread to eat, she is reported to have asked naïvely: "Why don't they eat cake?" Marie Antoinette paid for this and other imbecilities with her head.

Today the American people are suffering from an unparalleled depression. The savings of the middle class are swept away. Millions of families depend for their livelihood upon charity. But the President urges them to buy new cars and exhorts them to refrain from hoarding. That seems like bitter irony to people who cannot pay for the renewal of a license plate on last year's car!

The spirit of unrest is at large. Depression, rebellion, violence trouble the world. Winds of discontent such as these have blown up a storm of revolutions. We live in an era like that of Danton and Robespierre.

Millions of people everywhere question the wisdom of the society evolved by mankind in the last 2,000 years. Skeptical hands test the ancient formulas. American civilization itself is on trial.

For three long years America has hidden its head, ostrichlike, in the sand without seeing the approaching shadow of disaster.

Give me some credit for vision. I foresaw the present cataclysm in 1928. While we were sowing the wind from which we are now reaping the whirlwind, I introduced bill after bill to forestall disaster. It was not until February, 1931, that some of my bills were enacted into law. But even now they remain largely dead letters.

Our conceit prefers to find the fault for the calamity that is upon us in some external force beyond our control. What of our own ignorance, our mismanagement, our planless planning? The doctrine that unemployment is inevitable is unworthy of a courageous people. The American people will not submissively accept recurrent and lengthening periods of joblessness.

Those in the seats of the mighty bid us to regard the current unrest as a passing storm. "Dig in," they say. "Sit tight. Time will clear away the débris. Cling to ancient slogans and ancient methods." When we ask, "What of the millions without work? What of the farmer, catapulted into bankruptcy by demoralized prices?" they only parrot the ancient stereotypes of "individualism," "self-reliance," and "private initiative."

When arguments such as these were hurled against me in the Senate, I pointed out that Liverpool fixes the prices of wheat according to the law of supply and demand. How is rugged individualism going to help a farmer in Iowa to sell his crop at a profit if the price in Liverpool falls below his cost of production? If a factory closes in Newark, how long can the unemployed workman feed his wife and his children with self-reliance?

Modern civilization snatches men by the millions from individual workshops and places them in gigantic factories. Specialization, ever increasing, paralyzes initiative and self-reliance. The talk of private initiative is an excuse for social planlessness; prating of self-reliance, a futile apology for social irresponsibility. We attempt to relieve our stricken conscience by blaming unescapable economic laws for hardship and misery.

Tommyrot! The poverty of our ancestors was the result of want. We are impoverished by our plenty. We have enough food to feed the globe three times over. Yet in every country there are millions of people starving. That surely points to mismanagement.

Mr. Hoover, nevertheless, pins his faith to individual

AHEAD! *A Frank Warning*

By SENATOR ROBERT F. WAGNER

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

No one can advance a single valid reason why Uncle Sam should withhold the million jobs in his hands.

enterprise. Mr. Hoover is still living in the nineteenth century. He should turn the calendar of the White House. The individual is no longer master of his economic fate. Whether an automobile mechanic in Detroit works or is idle may depend on whether a farmer in Minnesota has sold his crops at a profit, which in turn may depend on the weather in Argentina or Roumania.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DANGER AHEAD!
Continued from page seven]

National and international interdependence has created new social responsibilities which cannot be discharged by the pious repetition of political cant. We must move forward.

The United States is not an aggregation of one hundred and twenty million separate individuals living in a little isolated world of their own, free to plan or drift, work or shirk, as they wish. It is a living whole; its individuals, like the cells of the body, act each on the other. Their interaction may be injurious or beneficial, according to whether they move in a systematic, orderly way or collide in aimless confusion.

The Constitution sets limits upon the measure in which the government may regulate our economic life. But no constitution is worth the paper on which it is written unless it serves the people. We are not, as I recently assured my colleagues, facing an ordinary business recession, but a hardening of every business artery, a paralysis of many business organs, a major stoppage of the lifeblood of the economic constitution. No remedy can be too drastic under these circumstances. Commissions, community chests, block aids, however noble in intention, are but bread-and-water pills as a cure for the malady from which our country is suffering.

I am an optimist, even if the picture I draw is dark. But optimism is not acquiescence. Congress has passed billions to finance the railroads and the banks. I agree that we should. But is there any reason why we should not likewise reach out a helping hand to that forlorn American whom I have called "the unknown worker" who has been without wages for several years? All he asks and all he prays for is the opportunity to work. Must he alone carry upon his shoulders the cross of individual responsibility?

We always wait until we are near the brink of the abyss. The time for halfway measures is past. The time for talking is over. We must act.

So long as we rely upon emergency measures and emergency committees, so long there will be emergencies to relieve. My measures are not designed merely to meet the present emergency. I take a long-time view. But all my plans can be translated into action at once.

As the first step, I introduced a bill calling upon the federal government to advance to the states $300,000,000 for the relief of the hungry, upon the certification of the governor of the state that an emergency exists. This, I admit, is only a stop-gap measure.

Some of my colleagues deplore such a measure as a step toward pauperization. I refuse to think in abstractions. I know what it means to go hungry. My father was a laborer, my mother a janitress. When I was ten years old I got up at four o'clock in the morning to go on my round for delivering newspapers. After school in the afternoon I sold newspapers in the street. Saturday nights I worked in a grocery store. On Sundays and holidays I hawked lozenges in Central Park.

We all worked, but in spite of our efforts there were times when we were caught in the grip of need. There were days when I had to go around to friends, maybe no richer than we were, to beg bread for the family.

I CANNOT look upon suffering with the detachment of a great engineer. I see the humanity behind the statistics of unemployment, diminished car loadings, foreclosures, and bankruptcies. I despise mere emergency measures. But the relief of the hungry is an urgent and immediate duty. It is the first pathway to recovery.

The second pathway is to stop hoarding by the government. The administration, after unlimbering the banking machinery, is content to sit with folded hands, like a Buddha serenely contemplating his navel. While exhorting the people not to hoard, Uncle Sam himself is the most unconscionable of hoarders. The government deliberately delays projects investigated and approved by Congress. Public construction amounting to $1,100,000,000 has been authorized by law. The blue prints are ready. Every detail has been worked out. But at this writing the appropriation of money has not been voted.

The moment we start this work unemployment will begin to recede. There will be no necessity to resort to the dole. Millions will leap to work. Their dollars, rolling into the coffers of commerce, will start the machinery revolving once more. They will buy more shoes, more hats, more suits, and more food. Stone, brass, wood, electric supplies, furniture, and a thousand other commodities will begin to move. Agriculture, transportation, banking, trade, will respond to the life-giving impulse.

We cannot expect private industry, suffering from overextension, to construct when its funds and its busi-

ness have shriveled. We cannot expect the workingman to buy himself a home when he does not know if his job is secure. But the federal government needs buildings, harbor improvements, highways, flood control. If it fails to build today, it must do so tomorrow. Necessity compels, common sense advises immediate construction.

The government, our opponents insist, is up to its neck in a sea of red. Where, they ask, shall we get the money without imposing new, intolerable burdens upon the taxpayer? A bond issue to be amortized in twenty-five years would provide the money. It would not be necessary to sell the entire issue at once.

These expenditures would not undermine Uncle Sam's credit. In 1931 the government sold $2,250,000,000 worth of bonds. These were oversubscribed four to one. The only thing that undermines confidence in the federal government is the pathetic helplessness of the Hoover administration in the face of the greatest crisis of modern times.

I said in the Senate that faith and confidence will revive and flourish when America realizes that the government will bestir itself. I made this statement in January. Hardly two months later a Treasury issue of $900,000,000 was oversubscribed three and one-half times.

No one can advance a single valid reason why the government should withhold the million jobs which it holds in its hands. It was this which induced me to call for a bonded construction program to embrace the most feasible projects selected out of the federal construction program.

If the United States Treasury can borrow money to aid Germany, England, Austria, and France, why is it wrong for the United States Treasury to borrow money to put Americans to work? What virtues do these other loans possess which a public construction loan lacks?

BUT, it is asked, how shall we balance the budget? The answer is simple enough. Help the individual worker to balance his budget and Uncle Sam's budget will balance itself. The bond issue I propose imposes no burden upon current business. A nation must balance its budget. But it must balance it not for each fiscal year. No business man regards an investment in permanent improvements as an expenditure to be included in his current budget. We must plan not for a year but for a period of years.

I advocate a flexible program for the planning and correlating of federal and municipal construction six years ahead. This involves approximately $4,000,000,000 per annum. In times of prosperity the government can relax its efforts. When depression comes it should accelerate its program to take the slack. The government should be the balance wheel which keeps the industrial machine from revolving too rapidly or too slowly. When I first proposed my plan for budgeting expenses over a long period, we had four million unemployed. When my measure won the sanction of Congress and the approval of the administration, the number had doubled. I do not propose the dissipation of public funds for the purpose of creating jobs. The expenditures I have in mind will bear fruit that will more than pay for the outlay.

Not only must we plan our national expenditures in such a way that Uncle Sam's dollar can be spent when it is most helpful, but we must correlate the work done by the various state labor agencies. This is the third pathway to reconstruction. One state may be cluttered with labor while another region clamors for workers. There is at this moment no one to direct the stream of labor from a vantage point high enough to survey the entire nation.

Another step forward, to be taken at once, is the introduction of compulsory unemployment insurance. This can be worked out along economic lines. It gives the worker purchasing power even when he is unemployed. The employer should be compelled to contribute toward this fund. The employee should be permitted to contribute, thus acquiring rights additional to those benefits payable out of the contribution of the employer. In times of depression business pays out of surplus unearned dividends—the wages of capital. There is no reason why it should not also pay out of surplus the wages of labor.

NOT all these ideas are my own. I have taken wisdom wherever I found it and attempted to translate it into political action. When I first proposed some of these ideas I was called a socialist. Today the whole world is beginning to realize the necessity of such measures.

It may be that we are drifting toward state socialism. Call it that if you please. I am not afraid of a word.

There is another pathway to reconstruction. It is indicated in my thirteen-word resolution: "The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is hereby repealed." When these words are written into the Constitution, three hundred thousand new jobs will be available and the federal government will gain $300,000,000 annually in revenue. The Eighteenth Amendment was the severest setback that the temperance movement ever received. With its repeal we shall restore temperance and divert immense funds from Al Capone and his ilk to Uncle Sam.

No law, municipal or federal, can be enforced unless it is sanctioned by the conscience of the people. The Eighteenth Amendment fails to meet this test.

I am not a revolutionist. My beginnings were humble indeed. After working as a newsboy, I secured a job as a coat-room boy in the New York Athletic Club. How often I dusted off the coat of Bartow S. Weeks, one of the blue bloods of the club and its president! Years later both Weeks and I became judges of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Still later, I passed on to the Appellate Division, and the immigrant boy who had once checked Weeks' coat now checked up his legal opinions. I have no quarrel with a country or a society where such things are possible. But the fact that I was fortunate does not blind me to the misery of the masses.

We need a new economic gospel. Too much is in the hands of the very few, too little in those of the great masses. The dikes are down. The floods are raging. They imperil the foundation of our government. Unless we relieve our people we cannot escape a cataclysm.

THE END

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

The Vanishing Star

The Story of an Old Hand at Hokum and a Beautiful Woman's Secret

By

RITA WEIMAN

(Reading time: 32 minutes 40 seconds.)

IF there were such a phenomenon as an ace among Hollywood press agents, Alec Morris would have been it. Of course we know that this profession is no longer the mere outgrowth of ancient heraldry. Insufficient today is the gesture of carrying a banner and blowing a trumpet.

The press agent is heard but not seen. What many of us may not know is that like the ventriloquist he poses dolls on his knee—pretty dolls, ugly dolls, character dolls, comedy dolls—and makes them perform to stimulate public interest. Those who read confidences from he-man heroes, philosophy from old actors, advice from screen mothers, and wisdom from the pouting lips of famed beauties have no hint that the press agent's is the voice behind the copy.

Alec, however, did more than stimulate public interest. He created stories about his stars, adventures into the fantastic which put to shame the plots of Hollywood's most deft scenario experts. He had the additional advantage of standing aloof from his creations. He could generate the fire of enthusiasm in his employers while himself viewing some *tour de force* with cool, critical appraisal, making mental notes on how to improve the job next time.

Thus Mr. Morton Sanders, president of Important Pictures Corporation, would rather have parted with his right eye than with Alec Morris. As a matter of fact, Alec *was* his right eye. A shrewd, all-seeing eye, ferreting out the activities of other studios before the other studios were anywhere near ready to sound a blast on their own trumpets. An eye trained like a monkey's to hold a bland look while its owner was up to tricks.

"Louis Lincoln's getting ready to ballyhoo that new Danish dame as a second Garbo," he informed Sanders one morning. "Bologny! Only invites comparison. The thing in this game is to discover. Give 'em something new. Something to talk about. Make 'em sit up. Make 'em hot with curiosity. Make their tongues hang out. A new morsel—get me?"

SHE loved acting as a girl child loves parading in its mother's clothes.

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN

"Sure, I get you," nodded Morton, and straightened the carnation in his buttonhole.

Morton Sanders always wore a carnation with stem in a tiny tube of water attached to the wrong side of his coat lapel. He likewise wore pince-nez on a black ribbon, and a genial air of the Paris boulevards, aided by his Rue de la Paix tailor. His clothes fitted snugly round an ample meridian. Perhaps a bit too snugly; but no matter. Confrères considered that they gave distinction to his somewhat undersized figure. His rivals in the industry respected Morton. He wore a dress suit and a manicure as though he had been born to both. His hands were soft and white, his eyes hard and gray.

HE looked across an elaborate office desk at Alec, whose black round eyes wore the habitual monkey expression. Alec had recently returned from a flying trip East.

"Sure," Morton repeated. "I get you." And, being in no wise deceived by the other's casual manner, added: "Well, what you got up your sleeve?"

"I saw her," mused Alec, "in a Broadway show. Just a chorus girl. But, cheese and rice, what personality! Walks like a cat. You know—slinks along. Black-velvet hair and skin you want to bite. And has she a pair of eyes?"

"And has she a shape?" interrogated Morton.

Alec kissed his fingers.

"Stuck on her?" put Morton briefly.

"Don't make me laugh. She's so much putty to me. Material to be shaped up for the company's benefit. I'd like a hand in the shaping, that's all. She's from New Orleans—a Creole."

"Nigger?" Morton stiffened perceptibly.

"You're thinking of mulatto," corrected Alec. "The Creoles are mixed Spanish and French blood. Oldest blood in the South. Aristocrat stuff, though the stock's dying out. She did a number with nothing much on but a black lace mantilla. Over the head and wrapped round her body—get me? And, boy, was she a knockout!"

"What's her name?"

"Carlotta. Carlotta del Mores. Lovely—eh?"

"Talk to her?" put Morton—not, mind you, as instruction but as inquiry.

"Sure I talked to her. Went further. Signed her on a five-year contract."

"You signed her?"

"Sure. If you don't want to take over the contract, I can farm her out to another company."

"Yeah—and if we do take her over, you get a bonus, eh?"

"That's up to you," shrugged Alec, knowing it flattered Morton to be put on his honor as a gentleman.

So Miss del Mores was lifted from the chorus of the Follies and transported to the Important Pictures lot.

The minute Morton set eyes on her he knew Alec had picked something to be groomed as star material. A lovely thing, with the gliding step of the jungle and the sense of no bones under supple young flesh. She said yes or no with a look in her somber dark eyes of imparting some treasured secret. And she said little else. Alec was her spokesman. He it was who chose cameraman and director for her screen test; he who supervised her make-up and lighting; he, of course, who planned the campaign attendant upon launching her as a new find.

He wrapped the del Mores in a veil of timidity which dreaded publicity, shunned parties, and clung to her fireside. He draped her with an ancestry hinting Queen Isabella's interest in Christopher Columbus might have included explorations to which the discovery of America was merely incidental. He succeeded in securing an authentic family tree supplied by an expert at digging up such botanical phenomena. A family crest was the next achievement, and Carlotta wore it in a signet ring the weight of which almost broke her finger.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE VANISHING STAR
Continued from page eleven]

But her speaking voice needed neither grooming nor exploitation. There was no conspicuous Southern drawl to overcome. Rich, full-throated, with the range of a thrush, it held a sort of dizzying hypnotic charm.

Morton caught his hope and pride, Morton, Jr., in the projection room the day her test was displayed, listening rather than looking. He lolled back in shut-eyed rapture.

"Nothing adenoidal about that palate. Music, pop. We've got a fortune in her voice alone. And she tells me she can't sing a note."

Morton, Jr., was what his progenitor must have been at the same age, though his English was New York instead of the camouflaged Slavic variety. Slim yet sturdy, somewhat undersized, with heavy-lidded lazy blue eyes that concealed an enormous vitality. Young Morton, though only twenty-five, had as keen a grasp of the motion-picture business as any veteran. In addition he had the courage which scorned imitation. Executives called him "Kid," employees "Junior," and Morton "son." All a little patronizingly. But they had immense respect for his opinion.

With Alec Morris, he was the daring young blood of the organization. "Bits first—maybe for three pictures," suggested Alec, "till she's screen-broken. Then make her the latest sensation. How about it, Junior?"

Junior's eyes opened and he studied the lovely figure moving with such effortless grace across the screen.

"Woman-with-a-past stuff ought to fit her like a glove. Tell Mac to check up on that Katharine Cornell show. You know—the one where she kills her lover to marry the man she loves; and when he finds out he leaves her flat. Somebody bought it and lost their nerve."

"But, son, the censors—" protested his father.

"We can get it cheap," cut in Junior. "Change name—have story revamped. European setting'll take the curse off it."

IN her first picture Carlotta attracted notices. In her second she proved the sensation they anticipated. She loved acting as a girl child loves parading in its mother's clothes. She was a strange person with her air of mystery under which reposed utterly unaffected simplicity. Looking at her, men raised eyebrows and wondered. Listening to her, the same brows furrowed in questioning disappointment. Was she the innocent she appeared or just resorting to the ancient pastime of pulling the masculine leg? And because she seemed so completely without guile she bowled them over like so many ninepins.

Even after the success which today is history, she remained unchanged. Alec was the only man who had access to her home and, by the same token, to her confidence. They lunched together on the lot. He dined at her bungalow several evenings a week. She clung to him as though his mere presence sustained her. Yet on both sides it seemed an unsentimental attachment.

When young Morton kidded Alec about the fall of the mighty, he laughed off the insinuation.

"Say, listen. After a tough day at the studio, what could be sweeter than a dinner cooked by an authentic mammy? And, opposite you, something easy to look at with the additional talent of knowing when to keep quiet."

"So it's the home-stuff racket, eh?"

"Racket nothing!" Alec snapped. "She's a lonesome sort of kid. And unsophisticated—"

"Oh, yeah?" whistled Junior. "You'll tell me next that Follies girls think babies grow on rosebushes."

"I swear, s'help me, Broadway hasn't touched her. Not even skin-deep."

"Boy, I'm from Missouri."

"Well, I'll show you. I'm from the other side of the Mason and Dixon line—and I know the type. It just don't penetrate—the hard-boiled New York stuff. Carlotta's still part of the dreamy South."

Prompted by cynical intent to puncture his friend's gullibility and with tongue in cheek, young Morton permitted himself to be piloted across Carlotta del Mores' doorsill. The visit occurred on an insidious spring night. Perhaps had it been damp and chill or soggy and hot; perhaps if the hazy scent of orange blossoms had not

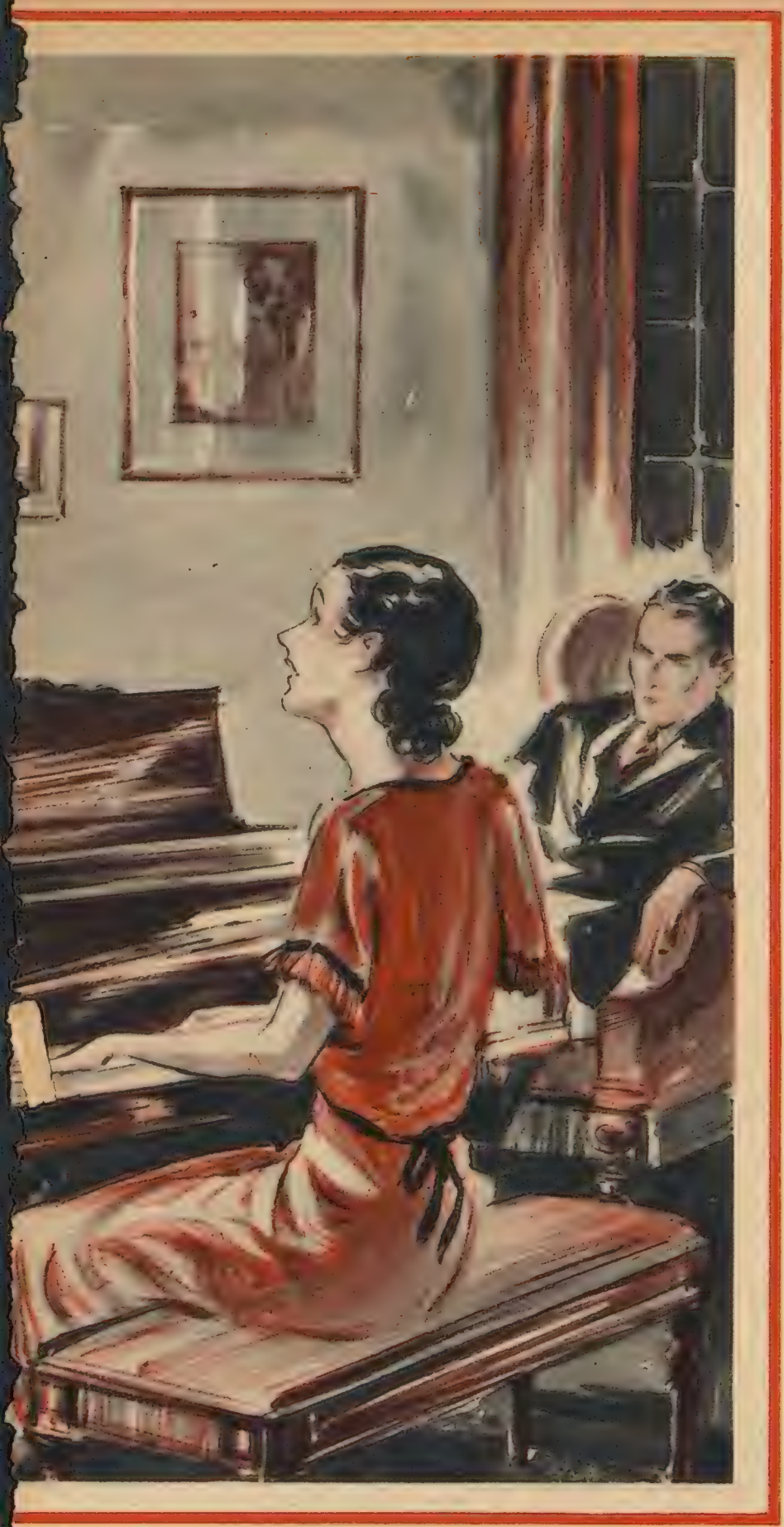
Young Morton got up with the dazed movement of

drifted from a tree in Carlotta's garden; perhaps if the living room had been pretentious as a motion-picture set instead of airily draped in unostentatious cretonnes . . . But no matter. We are dealing in actual events, not probabilities.

As Alec's roadster pulled up at the curb and the two young men sprang out, to be met at Carlotta's door by a large black woman in bandanna and apron, they were pervaded with an unmistakable sense of home.

The combination living-dining room was almost sparsely furnished. A piano with the rays of a lamp shining upon it; a refectory table with candlesticks and an immense bowl of waxen yucca blossoms; a wide, deep chintz-covered couch inviting relaxation; two matching armchairs; end tables with cigarette boxes and ash trays—these were the essentials in a rather spacious area. The casement windows were open. The rising moon in a purple sky shone through soft fluttering net curtains.

Carlotta did not essay an entrance. Nor were her guests kept waiting longer than five minutes. The men had scarcely settled, Alec sprawled on the couch, Junior in



lking in his sleep and went over to the piano.

an armchair, when she appeared. Not in languorous pyjamas nor prescribed hostess gown but wearing a print dress the warm orange of California poppies. It had absurdly childish short sleeves and tied at the back like a pinafore.

CARLOTTA'S midnight hair, soft round her face, was caught up at her neck in a loose knot as if she had looped it with the single shell pin which protruded at one side. Not a touch of make-up marred the skin whose tint might have been taken from the scented ivory of the yucca flower. She looked an altogether different woman from the familiar slinking figure of the studio. Hardly woman at all, in fact, but a girl whose eyes, minus the focus of camera angles, visioned dreams of romance rather than reality.

She welcomed Junior in the low, luscious voice that was so much music:

"How nice of you! I told Alec I'd love to meet you away from the studio, but not to make you come if you didn't want to."

"Like to see anybody make Junior do anything he doesn't want to—or stop him from anything he does," Alec remarked.

"So this wasn't entirely the boy's brilliant idea?" queried young Morton.

Carlotta smiled, a slow enchanting smile not more than a faint parting of the lips.

"No—afraid I'm guilty. You see, Mr. Sanders, I don't make friends easily. I haven't any small talk and I can't wise-crack. And you've been so kind from the start—"

"Kind?"

"Yes. You paid me the compliment of forgetting I was a woman and remembering I was supposed to be an actress."

"So you want to prove now you're both," said Junior shrewdly.

"No—" The implication apparently had gone over her head. "It just seemed I ought to thank you for all you've done—giving me the chance to get ahead so quickly. And I knew I'd never have a minute to talk to you at the studio."

Junior's blue eyes narrowed as he studied her.

"Oh, that's all right," he tossed off cagily. "You might be a combination of Bernhardt and the Queen of Sheba. If I didn't expect you to be a gold mine for us I wouldn't waste a second on you."

WITH which emphasis on his purely impersonal attitude, he removed his rather puzzled gaze from Carlotta. Before dinner was over, however, the sheet-iron skepticism dropped from him like discarded armor.

Baked ham punctured with cloves, candied yams, corn fritters, all are conducive to a state of confidence. By the time the final course of fluffy orange pudding was brought in to the accompaniment of the dark lady's urgent good humor, these three might have been youngsters on a picnic. The bars were down.

When coffee had been served, Alec slumped in an armchair and suggested that Carlotta play for them. Propped in half-reclining comfort on the couch, Junior took a pipe from his pocket. In a few minutes smoke was whirling gently round his head. Smoke in which the girl at the piano wavered like some vision about to drift away.

The servant, vanishing kitchenward, switched off the electric lights. Only the candles reflected in the gloss of the table and the lamp whose rays were like hazy sunlight illumined the dusky room.

Carlotta began to play Negro spirituals, crooning softly in her voice without song. And somehow the rich recitative voice keeping time to fingers that drew weird melody from the keyboard was more potent than song could ever have been. It held a sort of drowsy hypnotism.

Easy to fancy a plantation beyond the windows whose curtains veiled all but great patches of liquid silver as it seeped through and formed pools on the floor. Easy to hear the drone of a Negro chorus beyond Carlotta's crooning. Easy to catch the lazy lilt of the Southland, the strum of guitar, the sensuous sway of yielding to rhythm. Easy to close one's eyes and forget responsibilities, problems, expenditures, mistakes.

Young Morton's heavy lids drooped. The pipe dropped from his lips, dropped from his hand. He did not stir to pick it up. Ashes wavered dustily in the streams of moonlight. Carlotta chanted on. Change of melody, change of rhythm. Yet always the same haunting monotone, languorous, wistful, strangely moving, like the moaning of a soul unsatisfied.

When she stopped finally, the man on the couch spoke scarcely above a whisper:

"Boy—that's wonderful!"

Carlotta's head was thrown back. Under the lamp's radiance her lashes lay like charcoal shadows against the warm pale skin. Her hands brushed the keys as if loath to leave them.

Young Morton got up with the dazed movement of one walking in his sleep, went over to the piano, and sat on the bench beside her.

"Don't stop," he pleaded. "Go on—I could listen all night."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE VANISHING STAR
Continued from page thirteen]

She glanced at the armchair that cradled Alec. He was fast asleep.

He slept through the hour during which Carlotta played to the hope and pride of Important Pictures. And the boy, forgetting the importance of both himself and his position, laid hard-boiled cynicism in graveclothes. That which has caused strong men to tremble, thrones to totter, kingdoms to fall, stole into the room on the gauze of a moonbeam and wove its web round the two heads bent close together above the keyboard.

Long before Alec roused himself, young Morton had suggested coming again, and alone. As Carlotta nodded, lashes raised to show eyes swimming with tenderness, he ducked down and his lips touched one by one the fingers resting on the keys. They answered by straying to his shock of brown hair. But only momentarily. Then Carlotta got up and whispered a bit breathlessly:

"It must be awfully late. Hadn't we better wake him?"

"Not till you promise to see me tomorrow night."

"So soon?"

"The sooner the better. We'll have dinner here. Then go for a drive. I've got a little beach house at Malibu. The moon comes up from the Pacific like a ball of fire—"

"All right."

"Carlotta—"

"Yes?"

"You're the sweetest thing in the world."

Three weeks later Alec Morris was summoned to the presence of Important Pictures' chief executive. He found Morton, Sr., stampeding the luxurious suite which comprised outer office, inner sanctum, and a bath that early Rome might have envied. Morton Sanders was anything but his accustomed immaculate self. Hair ruffled, pince-nez dangling from one ear, waistcoat open, he halted as Alec advanced.

"What's happened to that son of mine?"

"Happened?"

"That girl del Mores—she's got him hipped."

Alec's monkey eyes widened. His lips pursed and from them issued a cross between a whistle and a chuckle.

"Not Junior! He's too wise."

"I tell you he's crazy about her. And I won't have her play him for a sucker. I won't have my son mixed up with any Hollywood bum."

"Oh, come, Mr. Sanders," protested Alec. "Carlotta's a nice girl. I never heard a word against her."

Morton Sanders' hard gray eyes turned their contempt on the head of his press department.

"A girl should parade in nothing but a lace mantilla and stay a good girl? I wasn't born yesterday."

"I've heard of bad girls who were brought up in drawing-rooms," Alec came back quietly. "Besides, if the thing goes too far, you've got the morality clause in her contract to fall back on."

"SURE!" stormed Morton. "First I have to prove she's a bum. Then I have to involve my son in the scandal. Then, when the contract's broken, some other company finds some excuse to grab her and makes the fortune we let go!"

"Who told you he's crazy about her?"

"Everybody. They're all over together. Everywhere but here at the studio. Then they act like they hardly know each other. When he's careful like that, it's a sure sign."

"Have you mentioned the matter to Junior?"

"Last night—I tried to. But nobody can talk to him. Not even his mother. That girl's got him so rattled you can't even reason with him."

Alec's lips twisted. "Did you try to reason, Mr. Sanders, or did you just let hell break loose?"

"What do you mean? I kept my temper. I just told the boy not to be a damn' fool!"

"I see," said Alec, and said nothing more.

"We always got along grand," moaned Morton, Sr., slumping down at his desk, both hands to his head. "He always listened to me until she came along."

Then, leaning across the desk, he pointed a menacing finger at Alec. "You brought her here—now you get him out of her clutches. You hear? I won't have my son—"

"Wait a minute," Alec interrupted. And now he took to pacing the floor. Not in the frenzy of his employer, but with brows knit, lips chewing on a long black cigar that juggled from one side of his mouth to the other. "Don't get excited. We'll find a way out. The thing to do is bring him to his senses. You can't do that by arguing. She's got to be the one to chuck him."

"Swell chance!"

"She leaves for location next week, doesn't she?"

Sanders, Sr., fumbled in the desk drawer, brought out a schedule.

"In ten days. They're taking those Spanish scenes in the San Jacinto Mountains."

"Rotten!" Alec's wave of the hand consigned the Southern California mountains to limbo. "Phony Spaniards—phony atmosphere. What we do is send her to Spain—see?"

"Spain?"

"Sure. And I get a big splurge in the papers: 'Important Pictures, intent upon an absolutely authentic production, sends its fascinating new star, Carlotta del Mores, to the land of her forefathers.' Get me?"

"God—what an expense!"

"WORTH it. The company can cut down on something else. I'll get you a million dollars' worth of publicity. Roto pictures of her sailing—arriving at Gibraltar—delegations to meet her. I'll have her photographed with the whole Spanish Cabinet. We'll show her dressed to the nines at a bullfight—then posing with a tribe of gypsies in the Pyrenees. By Jove!" The fount of inspiration reached its apex as he stopped short, snapped his fingers. "She vanishes—get me? Vanishes in the Pyrenees Mountains—lost for days—maybe kidnaped by gypsies. Anyway, gone—vanished—no trace. Reward offered. Searching party finally organized—locates her in old peasant's hut. He's found her on a mountain ledge knocked out from a fall—half dead. Carried her home—nursed her. Oh, Lord!" exploded Alec, overcome with the immensity of the idea. "What a story!"

"Yes." Morton set his glasses judicially on his nose. "And what has it got to do with my boy?"

Alec drew nearer, voice lowered to the note of a criminal planning abduction. "I sell him the scheme of shooting the scenes in Spain without saying a word about our vanishing star. I get his O. K. on the basis that it'll be swell ballyhoo for Carlotta."

"Sure! And with him on fire like an engine, you think he'll let her go?"

"Leave that to me. If I tell Carlotta this is the chance of her life, you don't suppose anything can stop her? Not if I know my onions."

"Listen, Alec," came with a note of pathos from Mr. Sanders. "You think she's crazy about him, too?"

"Not that crazy. She's smelled success and knows this is only the beginning. Carlotta's eye is on the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, I tell you."

Sanders, Sr., was unacquainted with the simile; but "pot of gold" had a familiar sound.

"You should have to tell *me* gold is what she's after!"

"I mean ambition, applause, old man—not money. The girl's no gold digger—I'll underwrite that."

"Um," shrugged his chief, still unconvinced. "And besides helping the picture, what good is it sending her away?"

"Say—you know young people. Hot and bothered one minute—ice cubes the next. Once we get her three thousand miles away, they'll both have a chance to cool off.

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DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

[THE VANISHING STAR
Continued from page fourteen]

Carlotta del Mores in Spain, having the time of her life—and watch her come back so high-hat she won't know your boy's alive."

"Oh—she won't, eh?"

"Emotionally, I mean, she'll be washed up."

So the plan went into effect.

At first young Morton, as anticipated, was absolutely against it. With strategic cunning, he objected on all counts except the real one. Had they all gone haywire? Consider the expense; the obstacles bound to arise in a country recently in the throes of revolution; the risk that results might never justify the outlay. Even Alec's persuasive salesmanship—while Sanders, Sr., kept in the discreet background—failed to budge him.

It was the pleading in a pair of tear-dimmed dark eyes which eventually melted resistance, eyes whose swimming loveliness drowned logic as well as reason.

"I've never been abroad," was all she said in answer to his objections.

"Honey," begged the boy in actual pain, "don't think I'm mean. I just can't bear to be separated from you all that time."

"Only a few months."

"Do you want to go? Do you want to leave me?"

"We'll have a chance to miss each other. And that's sweet—missing someone till it hurts."

"It hurts anyway. Not having you hurts," agonized young Morton. "Why do you put me off? Don't you love me?"

"Sh!" They were in his office, with only a wall between them and his father. "You know I love you."

"I want proof. Darling—look at me! I can't make you out."

She looked up with her faint, noncommittal smile. Then her rich lips went to his. They stood held close for a long throbbing moment.

"Maybe—when I get back—" she promised in a vague, husky whisper.

SO she sailed—with a retinue that would have done credit to a queen. It was not only the chance of Carlotta's lifetime: it was the golden opportunity of Alec's. He accompanied the cortège to New York. His wizardry kept his star's name shooting across the firmament of the press with a recurrence that put to shame laws of astronomy.

Once arrived in Spain, Carlotta occupied the spotlight with Hitler and Mussolini. Daily notices of her comings and goings; Sunday spreads; interviews. A Latin beauty received with open arms in a Latin land. Something touching, romantic, glamorous, removed from sordid publicity, about the whole affair.

Then a lull, following announcement that Carlotta had gone into the fastnesses of the Pyrenees Mountains, where scenes for her new picture would be shot. This lull was Alec's trick—like the sudden deadly quiet before a hurricane.

Two weeks passed. After which came the deluge.

Carlotta disappeared!

The story broke the front pages exactly as Alec prophesied. Her lovely face with its sleepy, somber eyes looked into the face of every reader of the news in every civilized country of the world. Sympathy, anxiety, curiosity, conjecture spread like some epidemic over these United States. Carlotta ceased to be a cinema star alone. She became the daughter of every American household, the concern of American father- and motherhood.

Alec Morris, long since returned to Hollywood, sat back in his office with the serene sense of a job well done. The whole thing had been carefully planned with no chance of a slip-up. The peasant who was to find Carlotta was an old Spanish actor carefully rehearsed and well paid for his performance. The legend of her discovery in the mountains, helpless and unable to move, was of course mere legend. Carlotta had been tipped off when and

"I WANT proof. Darling—look at me! I can't make you out." She looked up with her faint, noncommittal smile.

where she must go and a car provided to take her there.

But as Alec sat, feet on desk, well pleased with the result of his master stroke, Morton, Sr., entered, white as the plaster walls. He shut the door carefully, looked about to be sure they were alone.

Alec's feet came down from the desk.

"See this?" He displayed the morning paper.

"See it!" said Sanders, staccato despite Herculean effort to keep to a bass level. "Did I see anything else since I woke up? My boy's raving like a maniac."

"Didn't you explain to Junior?"

"Sure I explained. You think I'm crazy? But he won't believe me—he won't believe me!" The white hands went out in a helpless gesture of futility. "He says I'm lying."

Alec's jaw dropped.

"He believes she's actually lost?"

"Worse. Kidnaped! He's calling our Madrid office and the American Embassy—I can't stop him. Off his head, I tell you!"

"Is he here now?"

"No. Home. He don't know the studio's on earth."

Alec reached for his hat, was at the door like a streak of lightning.

"I'll talk to him."

BUT Junior couldn't be talked to—that is, not rationally. He had a hundred arguments to prove he was right. Why hadn't Carlotta informed him of the plan before she sailed? . . . Because she didn't know anything about it; wasn't even told until a few days before they put it into effect. . . . Nonsense! Did they take him for a fool? No American girl would be a party to any such dangerous business.

It was an obsession, his mental picture of Carlotta in the hands of the brigands. He refused to listen, refused to accept protestations, could hardly keep hands off Alec. To make matters worse, Alec had no way of confirming his own statement. If he cabled, the answer would be bound to back up news reports. Alec had no code by which the truth could be communicated. He finally gained young Morton's consent to wait until the end of the week, at which time Carlotta was scheduled to be found.

Meanwhile the atmosphere of the studio held a sense of nerve-racking tension—perhaps generated by young Morton's anxiety, perhaps a mere electric reflection of public interest in their star's welfare.

Alec acknowledged to himself that he wished the week were over. He ate little, slept scarcely at all, and spent hours with Junior, trying to keep the boy calm. The latter's clear-headed business acumen, swift decision, unwavering courage were shot to pieces. He looked haunted.

When Saturday came, Alec breathed the sigh of a man who steps beyond prison walls. There would be a cable on his desk sometime during the forenoon.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE VANISHING STAR
Continued from page seventeen]

But no cable arrived. Allowing for delay, he waited until after lunch. Still no word.

He began to pace the floor. It seemed hours that he marched back and forth. Then, unable to bear the strain any longer, even while telling himself he was an ass to be so upset, he lunged for the telephone. Hat on the back of his head, hands shaking so that they could scarcely hold the instrument, he put in a call to the company's Madrid office. Even before the answer came through, some sixth sense told him what it would be. The message humming across many thousand miles of space conveyed the excited information that no trace of Carlotta del Mores had been found.

"What d'you mean?" shouted Alec. "She's at that hut—"

"No. And she hasn't been there."

"She must be! Some mistake . . ."

"No mistake," came the voice from Spain. "She's gone. Vanished completely. We've got the police . . ."

The rest was lost to Alec's buzzing ears. . . . Gone! Carlotta gone! . . . Those were the only words that registered. A cold watery film beaded his forehead. When he finally hung up the receiver, it was with fingers stiff and numb. He thought he was going to faint.

He had cried "Wolf!" and now the wolf was at his door. His blank cartridges had proved to be loaded. His *coup* had ended in disaster. He had called upon Carlotta to lose herself in the mountains, and the mountains had swallowed her. For the first time in a spectacular career, he found himself helpless.

What move to make, what step to take, how to proceed in the face of this catastrophe, was like crawling along a precipice with sheer rock at his back and blank wall ahead.

AFTER an unmeasured lapse of time, he mechanically reached into a drawer of the desk, poured a drink, and dragged himself upright. His brain had gone dead as a burnt-out fuse. One thing was certain: he must immediately see Junior and somehow make known the facts without being killed.

Still numb, he took a few steps toward the door. But before his hand touched the knob, it turned, and young Morton's secretary handed him a note.

Scrawled across a sheet of studio paper were the words: "Flying East. When you get this I'll be on my way. Break the news to the old man. I'm going to Spain. You can go to hell."

Alec looked blankly at Junior's secretary.

"He left it with me last night," she explained, "but told me not to deliver it until this afternoon. He hasn't been at the studio all day. Is anything wrong, Mr. Morris? Is there anything I can do?"

"No," said Alec. "No—that will be about all," and closed the door.

Then a strange—one might almost say a bewildering—thing happened. Anxiety lifted from his eyes like a raised blind, to reveal the accustomed inscrutable monkey look. Lips, muscles, even ears twitched with what might have been interpreted as satisfaction. The man, as he stood rereading Junior's note, was enigmatically metamorphosed from defeat to victory.

WITH a gesture of finality he pulled the hat from his head, squared his shoulders, and, stepping jauntily down the corridor, presented himself to his chief.

Morton Sanders did not wait for the news which Alec had to reveal. He gazed stonily across the desk and gave vent to one cryptic phrase: "You're fired!"

Probably this same gentleman was amazed some three weeks later to receive a call from the erstwhile wizard of Important Pictures press department.

Alec walked into the office and shook the hand of his former employer.

"Well," ejaculated Morton Sanders, "you got a nerve!"

"Haven't I?" nodded Alec. "But don't mistake me. I didn't come to ask for my job—merely for a family conference."

"Family?" muttered Sanders. "I ought to take you by the seat of your pants and throw you out for what you did to me and mine!" He tossed a blue-and-white envelope across the desk. "I might have known, when the boy found her over there, I could expect the worst. Well—why don't you read it?"

For answer Alec drew a similar communication from his vest pocket, spread the sheet, and read aloud: "'Married in Paris today. Sailing Aquitania. Deliriously happy. Morton joins in love and says you are the best little manager on earth. Charlotte.'"

Beginning in

LIBERTY

next week

Mrs. Granville Fortescue

at last tells her own story

The Honolulu Martyrdom

Also stories and articles by
Frank E. Verney—Robert Barry—Sidney B. Whipple—Jean Stark—Robert Benchley—and others

Mr. Sanders set pince-nez on his nose and studied his own cable. Then he looked up, blinking.

"Charlotte?" he asked. "Mine says he married Carlotta."

"They're the same," confirmed Alec. "Carlotta del Mores to the public. In private life, Charlotte Morris."

Morton Sanders continued to blink.

"You see," pursued Alec blandly, "I know this game. If I'd told you I had a talented kid sister who could knock your eye out on the screen, you'd have told me to leave casting to the casting director. So I gave Charlotte a couple of seasons on Broadway and a moniker that suggested something romantic. And you'll admit now my judgment wasn't influenced by brotherly affection."

THE president of Important Pictures mopped his brow.

"Well," he remarked, "I said she was a nice girl, didn't I?"

"Too darned nice! Fell head over heels in love with that boy of yours and cried herself to sleep nights—scared if she told him who she was he wouldn't love her any more. Afraid the romance would be gone for him. So when you kicked up a row I saw a swell chance to send her away and let Junior find out if it was the real thing or just—" He snapped fingers expressively. "Get me?"

"No—I don't get you," rejoined Sanders heatedly. "You mean to tell me you let us all sweat blood when nobody could find her? You let the boy go out of his head! And all the time you could have told him—told the whole damn' studio where she was?"

Alec's recital took on a faintly regretful note:

"Even—pardon me—the cleverest of us may be forgiven an occasional miscalculation. The lady put one over on me. She welcomed with no degree of enthusiasm the prospect of spending several nights under a Spaniard's roof—even an old Spaniard, even a safe Spaniard. So when they informed her that she must disappear, she disappeared more to her own taste and discretion. She simply drove to the nearest town where she could connect with a decent train—and vanished. Anybody glancing over the book of a little inn at Pampeluna would have noticed a Charlotte Morris registered there. Pampeluna, however, is an old town in the Pyrenees where innumerable civilized Americans go to witness the civilized pastime of bullfighting. Charlotte Morris meant merely another Yankee. I learned all this in a letter received a few days ago. Long before it came Junior had located her."

"How?" quizzed Sanders.

"That," shrugged Alec, "will remain a lovers' secret even I can never penetrate." He rose, hand extended. "Congratulations—she's a grand kid. And I hope—no hard feelings."

"Wait a minute," said Morton Sanders. "I think—honest—we should keep that job of yours in the family."

THE END

Hotter weather, more danger of "B.O."

(body odor)

THESE breathlessly hot, sticky days—how easy for "B.O." (*body odor*) to betray us unless we're on our guard! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather *purifies* pores—frees them of odor. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse.

A simple beauty aid

Every night, cleanse the face thoroughly with Lifebuoy. Watch dull skins freshen to new radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

Why They Nearly Drive Their Sons' Wives Crazy, by One Who Has Had Two of Them

(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)

The fiercest old lady that ever you saw,
The lady I sing of—my mother-in-law!
ENGLISH MUSIC HALL BALLAD.

I HAVE had two mothers-in-law.

Like the women of Dickens' novels, they ran to extremes. One, good; the other, evil. Both nearly drove me crazy!

Not only from my experience with these ladies, but from what I've heard, read, and seen, I believe that mothers-in-law in general are what the Zulus call *n'eefa*—bad medicine. I'm sure they are guilty—not always directly, seldom consciously, but guilty just the same—of causing many of the divorces which occur so abundantly in our fair land.

I don't believe it's possible for two women loving the same man—his mother and his wife—to live together harmoniously with him; I doubt that both the mother and the husband of the same woman can remain amicably under the same roof with her.

I had been married, the first time, less than two years when one wet autumn evening I packed up baby, bag, and baggage and left the traditional bed and board. If I hadn't, my name and picture would have flamed long ago from the front pages of the tabloids. For no human being has more successfully inspired the desire to murder than that first mother-in-law of mine did in me!

She was a she-devil. Since I divorced her son, she has successfully broken up his second marriage, and is now far on the way to ruining a brilliant career.

What a woman! She seemed to have few acquaintances and no friends. Bitter about her lost youth, her entire life had centered in an almost unhealthy love for her only child; she would have disapproved of anyone this handsome blond son had chosen to marry. No woman lived who was good enough for such a precious boy! (Heaven help the woman who marries an only son!)

There must be thousands of mothers with this phobia. We have all met some of them at one time or another.

When my mother-in-law first evinced her hostility, I took it to heart. I wondered what was wrong with *me*.

I was then, as now, what the doctors call a "normal" person, physically and mentally healthy. Slender and fair, easy on the eyes if not beautiful. Mine may not be a giant intellect, but I am considered fairly intelligent.

I *think* I have a sense of humor. But, as every woman seems to have that fancy about herself, I may be wrong! Specifically, I try not to take anything too seriously. The saying, "Live and let live," has always sounded pretty good to me.

My besetting sin is a desire at times to be alone, and to be let alone. Temporary seclusion; time off to relax and to think. Time even not to think. Just to *be*.

Virginia Woolf, the distinguished English novelist, published a book recently on the importance of a woman having a room of her own. I must have a room of my own, if not materially, spiritually.

Every woman I know says the same. Yet nine out of ten will violate the privacy of others.

Mothers-in-law are adept at this sort of torture.

My maternal grandmother was a flagrant example of the female trespasser. A keen, able woman, for years she spent long hours every afternoon shut up in her bedroom, enjoying, as she said, her own company. Yet she assumed the attitude of offended royalty if someone else wanted to do the same.

My father was fond of his mother-in-law. Between arduous professional tours he sometimes visited her in the country near New York. A nervous person, he had occasionally to get off by himself. To be alone was balm to his soul.

My grandmother invariably misinterpreted his attitude, even when he tried to explain. Why did he behave so? Was he trying to avoid her? Then why did he visit her? In order to escape, my poor father would be conveniently recalled to the city on business.

I WAS a dancer of reputation before my first marriage. When a dashing young fellow appeared, possessed, as I thought, of fine and charming qualities, I promptly married him and abandoned my career.

At the time we met, my first husband resided with his mother, still a handsome woman of the Brunhild type, large and blonde. They lived in a small brownstone house in the East Sixties in New York. Not the swagger Sixties, between Fifth and Lexington avenues, but in a furtive, shambling neighborhood near Avenue A. The streets were lined with squalid tenements and occasional groups of ancient private dwellings. They were now questionable rooming houses. The inhabitants were foreigners of low class.

South a few blocks, along the banks of the unsavory East River, a real-estate boom had made many people wealthy overnight. The same prosperity was predicted for adjoining neighborhoods. My mother-in-law had bought one house in the hope of making some easy money.

O'MINE

Picture by CHARLES DE FEO

WHY should a delightful woman change into a sort of dragon the moment she becomes a mother-in-law?

Her son objected to the surroundings, the inconvenience of going to and from his office. But when she wept upon his neck, moaning that her investment had been made really for his sake, he felt the culprit and stayed on with her.

I told him frankly I would not live in such disgusting surroundings. Together we selected a modest apartment on the west side of town.

We had been married a short time when a burglar broke into my mother-in-law's house, strapped her to her bed, and robbed her. Of course, I would have been inhuman not to offer her our guest room as a retreat until she recovered from the shock. She was still occupying it over a year later, when I left, never to return.

Once installed in our small quarters, she suddenly became a part of our married life. Suddenly, too, everything began to change.

How she seemed to hate me, merely because I possessed her son! Her malevolent presence spread everywhere. We felt it during our most intimate moments. Our physical relationship became inhibited. We could no longer caress each other naturally. We were embarrassed, strange.

MY mother-in-law's jealousy of me was apparent in many things. If I talked over the telephone, she listened to me from around the corner of the hall, or from behind her bedroom door, which she habitually kept ajar. She was a born eavesdropper. Yet I was never able to catch her, to prove the dishonorable things she did, such as steaming open my letters to read them, and rummaging through my bureau drawers and desk. She was too cunning. And when I *knew* that she discussed me unfavorably with my husband, I was too proud to question him.

I had not lost track of my many friends of the theater. Naturally, there were both men and women. Whenever someone called, my mother-in-law never failed to appear, to take part in the conversation, which she made heavy with implication. We were lovers—eh?—or had been? How sly her eyes were! How really green!

Jealous mothers-in-law are not rare. I wager that several could be found in the average city block. They are really pathological cases. Their minds are sick, their imaginations gangrenous. Unfortunately, these excuses don't lessen the sufferings of wives and husbands who have to endure such women.

The jealous mother-in-law is generally a woman who has made a failure of her own marriage. She is envious of lovers, suspicious of youth, and uncharitable in general.

One afternoon, feeling mentally low, I walked across Fifty-seventh Street, New York's Rue de la Paix, and stopped before the shop window of a large millinery establishment.

"You'd look very charming in that red hat!" a gay voice said. I recognized that jolly barytone. So, without looking up, I boldly replied, "I could annex all the charm in the world under it!"

"If charm can be bought, by all means let's buy it," he laughed, firmly steering me into the shop. We had great fun, this young man and I, and if my husband had walked in that moment, we would have gladly related the entire transaction.

THE hat was expensive. A French model, fifty-five dollars. But my friend said it was worth thousands of dollars in enjoyment to him when I demurred at the price. So I put it on and absent-mindedly tucked the receipt, which the saleswoman handed me, into my pocketbook.

I did not see that receipt until months later, when my mother-in-law produced it on the witness stand in a divorce court as evidence, trying to prove that I was a bad young woman whose clothes were bought by men other than her son! How and when she purloined it from my pocketbook I shall never know.

What a laugh we had, my present husband and I, over that receipt! He secured it surreptitiously from her attorney, and it stands today in a frame, beside my picture, on his dresser. He says it is the best investment he ever made—that hat!

It was delightful to find my second mother-in-law the antithesis of the first. An intelligent, generous, tolerant woman, she admires me sanely. She is exceedingly kind and loving to my boy, whose father is not her son.

You can imagine how shocked I was when I realized how utterly impossible it would be for me to continue to care for *her* if she remained in our home for any length of time! I was miserable, conscience-stricken.

Years of good health had blessed this birdlike little person with an appalling vitality at seventy. If I forgot my gloves or left my pocketbook upstairs, and happened to mention it, it was she who beat me to the stairs, raced up, and bounced down like a girl of sixteen! If I felt slightly ill, it was she who so kindly and firmly—ah, with what strength of will!—insisted upon putting me to bed, ran for extra blankets, pillows, hot-water bag. Her vigor left me breathless.

It also kept the tranquil home I craved surcharged with restive vibrations.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

At first I was embarrassed to have a woman so much older than I wait upon me.

Next, I was amused at her solicitude.

Suddenly I was furious!

How absurd it was that I dared not forget or lose anything, that I had to be cautious about mentioning even an occasional headache! If I burned my finger, stubbed my toe, or knocked my funny bone, I would have died rather than have her aware of it. I boiled inside when I realized I was forever having to guard against her surveillance. It wore me out—avoiding it or accepting it.

I began to dislike her for her kindness. At the same time I would not have had her think me unappreciative for anything in the world! Now, always on edge and believing myself a hypocrite, I wasn't natural a moment in the presence of my second mother-in-law.

A married friend stopped to see me not long ago, and flopped down unconventionally on my couch.

"Oh, Lord," she breathed prayerfully, "how marvelous it is to be my own self, if only for a moment!" Her husband's mother, a most charming woman, was then visiting her. "If you *knew*," she said, a wild look in her eye, "what it is to keep up with an eternally charming woman, especially when she's your mother-in-law!"

Especially when she's your mother-in-law!

Long after she had gone I sat pondering that phrase and wondering why a perfectly delightful woman should change by some strange metamorphosis into a sort of household dragon the moment she becomes a mother-in-law. I discussed this with another woman that evening.

"Has it ever struck you," she asked suddenly, "how peculiar and unnatural the relationship between mothers-in-law and children-in-law is?

"Often before the marriage a mother and her daughter's husband are complete strangers, or nearly so. Even when they know each other, it is seldom more than an acquaintanceship.

"A difference of at least twenty years generally separates these women. They haven't the same tastes. Their outlook on life is actually dissimilar. They probably feel a momentary curiosity, but they really can't give a tinker's dam about knowing each other. They have mingled always with their contemporaries; they like to run about with their own crowd.

"And suddenly a wedding ceremony is supposed to change all this! The mother of the bridegroom is expected by her son—and the girl's family—to show a special affection for a comparatively strange young woman, and *vice versa;* or the bride's mother is supposed to adore a young man for no other reason than that he has become her daughter's husband!

"How ridiculous! How illogical! And how uncivilized! These virtual strangers are expected to feel a real emotion for each other, are supposed to *care* for each other, to call each other endearing or tender names.

"For the basis of a genuine friendship, could anything be more dangerous, absurd, or futile than this shockingly sudden familiarity?"

HER questions reminded me of an incident several mornings before. I was passing a young woman's house when she rushed down the path, suitcase in hand, about to step into a waiting taxi. I inquired where she was off to in such a hurry. "I'm running away from my mother-in-law!" she replied.

"But you're leaving Dick!"

"Yes," she nodded as I followed her into the taxi. "I leave my husband regularly—for his own good. It's this way: Dick's mother and I are pleasant acquaintances. Nothing more. She's not the type of woman I'd choose for a friend, and I don't think I'm her kind, either.

"When we're together we aren't ourselves at all. We're automatons—artificially polite. I find myself fiercely, if silently, critical of everything she does. And all her faults I suddenly discover in Dick! It's awful!

"He and she care for each other devotedly. She has always been a fine mother to him. They have much in common. I feel I'm just supercargo when she's here. Why should I spoil their fun? I go home for a visit, and they remain here. We all have a grand time, so everybody's happy!"

This seemed a simple and sane way to solve her problem.

The Spanish, in spite of their reputation for hospitality, have a saying meaning, "Fish and guests smell after three days!"

The status of the mother-in-law is generally undecided. Is she a guest? Or a member of the family? These questions came up one day over my tea table.

There were five of us. The youngest wife present told us her story.

When her mother-in-law first came to visit her, she said, she arranged for her entertainment. The younger woman took the older one to such places as she thought might interest her; she invited guests to dine or play bridge who might amuse her. She tried to make her mother-in-law's visit as enjoyable as possible. Imagine her chagrin when the older woman told her somewhat petulantly at the end of her visit that she preferred not to have so much fuss made on her account!

THE second visit, the wife decided to let her husband's mother seek and find her own *milieu juste.* She was free to come or go as she chose. The result was discouraging. The older woman pulled a long face, pouted, and played the rôle of martyr!

"But why all this fuss?" asked the only unmarried woman present. "Why not treat a mother-in-law like an ordinary friend?"

"Ah, my dear, there is a large part of the mother-in-law problem!" A handsome woman of forty-five, whose son had just become engaged, spoke up with authority. "Mothers-in-law seem to be a species apart. (Imagine my feelings, now that I, too, am about to join the tribe!) You simply can't behave toward your mother-in-law as with an ordinary friend.

"Why? I don't know all the reasons! One is that you are never really and truly and entirely your natural self with her. Why aren't you?" She shrugged her shoulders. Because she is older than you, you feel you must be careful what you say before her. Nor can you conscientiously correct or reprimand her, no matter how much she annoys you! If you could, it would clear the air.

"Once I had to read an important legal paper and return it to my lawyer quickly. It meant my having to concentrate hard. I went to the quietest spot I knew, the children's old playhouse at the end of our garden.

"I had been there some time, and was just understanding my paper, when, swish!—a loud sound of water running outside the door. I went to the door to send the gardener elsewhere. Then I saw it was my mother-in-law, garden hose in hand.

"Of course she wasn't doing anything terrible. But when I explained to her, and asked her politely if she'd mind going to a different part of the garden, she gave me one of those hurt, accusatory looks as she walked away.

"Not long after, I spent an entire morning listening to her hum Annie Laurie off key. It nearly drove me mad. I'd ask any one of *you* to shut up mighty quickly! But *ma belle mère?* Never again!"

"And you?" I questioned her. "You are about to become a mother-in-law. What are *you* going to do about it?"

"Everything!" she replied without hesitation. "I hope to be very friendly with my son's wife, but never to forget that it is her privilege, and no longer mine, to receive one hundred per cent of his confidence.

"If my daughter-in-law is a poor housekeeper, all right. If she's extravagant or stingy, all right. It's none of my affair. She and her husband must work out their own problems and make their own adjustments.

"I must never forget that I've been young once, that I've done all manner of foolish and stupid things, and that it is her privilege to do the same.

"In other words, I believe if mothers-in-law would only mind their own damn' business, they would retain their children's friendship, respect, and love."

THE END

Some Recent Inventions In The Offspring Field

By

Dr. Seuss

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THE DROUBERHANNUS "BUNNYOPTICAN"

"I," writes Norval Drouberhannus, "could never wiggle my fingers to make those darned shadow rabbits on the wall. I invented the Bunnyoptican, and now, when I wiggle my fingers, Mrs. D. projects the bunnies from behind a screen."

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THE HENSTERVOGEL "DADDY HORN"

"Mothers," says Inventor F. Henstervogel, "always get a chuckle when baby spots some shy old goof and embarrasses him stiff by bleating out 'Daddy!' The Henstervogel Horn can be bleated by mama when baby passes up a good prospect."

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THE "LITTLE GUS" MEASURING CHAPPIE

"We have no kiddies," writes Mrs. N. Fepp, "and the thing that we miss most about not having kiddies is that we can't put them back to back with other folk's kiddies to see which is tallest. That's why we built 'Little Gus.' We take him along on all our calls, and, if we say so ourselves, he measures up with the best of them."

TOOTH of TEM

By PAUL ANNIXTER

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER

(Reading time: 19 minutes 56 seconds.)

THE night was moonless, starless. It was that dankest, darkest hour before the dawn when all the world seems dead or sinking into death. The sleeping Battak village, surrounded by its fields and rice paddies, was swathed in dripping stillness, here and there one of its high thatched huts looming above the sliding river mist as if floating in thin air, the long poles on which it perched invisible beneath. In two or three of the huts watchers had been stationed whose duty it was to guard the crops by night, and who quite naturally were asleep.

Wherefore none had any warning or knowledge of a great form that loomed all at once at the edge of the deep forest. It reached the middle of the field of growing crops, vague as a drifting moon shadow for all its size, and just as silent. Then it halted. One would have had to creep within twenty feet or so to have seen what was really going on there—a disaster in the making, a silent havoc wrought among the precious season's crops of the village. They were disappearing, a square yard or two per minute, into the maw of a mighty elephant, but with no more sound to advertise it than as if a rabbit nibbled there.

Thus more than a half hour passed. Then the monster, replete with contraband, raised its head as if to seek some final sacrifice. Seemed to see it, and with a single terrifying snort, like a blast of hissing steam, he charged in among the village huts.

An exploding shell could not have had more effect.

Two of the high huts came down with a crash and splinter, thatch, bamboo poles, and yelling natives sliding together down the sloping back of the leviathan as he passed beneath. A weathered khaki tent on the extreme edge of town also went down, and half of it departed from that village forever, flapping sail-like from one tusk of the elephant as he passed on into the limbo of the bush.

From beneath the wreckage of the tent rose yells, followed by choking sounds as of someone locked in mortal combat with a camp bed. Then up from the débris reared a white man, *en déshabillé,* gagged by his own mosquito net, but grasping a rifle. Just as the elephant melted into the mist-hung bush, the weapon spoke, searing the mountainous stern of the despoiler with a .400 express bullet, which, though it did no serious harm, undoubtedly added not a little to the monster's temper and tempo. Trumpeting like the blast of a river steamer's whistle, he retired into the forest, leaving behind him confusion.

The entire village and its surrounding vegetable fields were awake by now. There were shouts, the squalling of children, and wild running to and fro.

However, no one was seriously hurt. The damage, except to the crops, was not vital, unless one counted reputations. Of these, the white man's was injured most. He was none other than F. Shott-Wallington, noted English sportsman, holder of two record bags for all Scotland, killer of tigers and buffalo in India and lions and rhinos in Africa. At Palembang, homeward bound from the howling unknowns of Cambodia, tales had come to him of the doings of a demon rogue elephant in the interior of Sumatra; hence his journey to this remote village in the Padang district for the express purpose of bagging the brute.

Of course, being an English sportsman, he had left night-watch duty to his head boy, and the head boy had naturally left it to the carriers, who had left it to the village in general. Wasn't it their crops that were in danger?

The resulting wrangle to the accompaniment of the drumming of the villagers and much tumbling over one another set the night on edge. There was no more rest to be had in that village till daybreak.

A mile and a half away, old Tembu, the mighty one, the wild rogue elephant who was the cause of all the tumult, halted in a dense cane jungle and got rid of the dangling tent canvas still impaled on his tusk. He ripped it off in some convenient brush, then stood for a while in the immemorial dripping silence of the river bush, fuming and stewing in the reflex of his escapade. As he fumed he fell to topping off his stolen meal with the tender honey-sweet shoots of young bamboo. Eleven feet two inches he stood from ground to shoulder, of implacable, annihilating might; with a weight in tons that would break the strongest scales in the world; a trunk that could fell a bullock with one trip-hammer blow; flapping sail-like ears that stretched a good nine feet from tip to tip; and a brain with almost the reasoning power of a man's.

When such an animal turns berserk, goes *must,* as they call it in Malay land, and aligns his strength and cunning

BU

If You Ever Have Had an Aching Molar Perhaps You Can Sympathize with This Elephant

THE two bulls charged each other. Lunging, parrying, and trumpeting, they strove to overthrow each other.

against all other creatures, he is a thing to be feared beyond lions or tigers.

Such a beast was the giant Tembu. For over three years he had been the most dangerous elephant on the great island continent of Sumatra, a menace to every living thing that dwelt in his domain. His particular madness took the form of an extraordinary feud against men and their works. Added to this, he was for some reason totally lacking in the overwhelming fear of man which holds most wild things at bay.

In every thatched-hut village the length and breadth of the island tales were to be heard of hunters pursued or slain, some of them on the very edge of their villages; of cattle killed, and fields and rice paddies laid waste by this demon. He was known and recognized from year to year by the fact that one of his tusks, the right one, had been broken off so that only a foot of yellowed jagged stump remained.

Taking refuge in the most impenetrable parts of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page twenty-five

jungle during the day, Tembu fed only at night, and had developed an uncanny faculty for detecting the traps and set guns placed for his reception by the harassed natives. Many a hunter had gone forth to shoot him. Some had returned and some had not. Tembu remained—a terror in the land. It is doubtful if even the wise old elders of his parent herd ever knew that the demon that dwelt in Tembu was the spasmodic demon that lives in violent toothache. Just that. That jagged, broken tusk of his—that was it.

All elephants, even the ancient weathered bulls, are mighty careful how they use their tusks. They will crack up thick bark, nuts, and tree branches for food, as we chew peppermints, with their regular teeth, which are all of a foot long counting the root, and weigh around nine pounds each. But their tusks are another matter.

Five years before, Tembu, in the rashness of his early twenties, had broken off his right tusk aforementioned by foolishly trying to overthrow a big tree wherein a native hunter had taken refuge after placing a bullet in Tembu's massive shoulder bone. Within a month decay had set in at the roots of the shattered tusk, and the resultant agonies had ruined his disposition utterly, turning him into a public menace, no less. His ejection from the herd for growing viciousness had logically followed, and as an enforced solitude does not serve to sweeten one, he had been going from bad to worse ever since. The stamp of the outlaw was unmistakable on him.

He had lost by degrees the natural grace, patience, and benevolence of his kind; he had a battered and battle-scarred look; his swinish little eyes, except at rare intervals when his madness left him, were like red wicks of violence. His very appearance in the vicinity of the wild herds was enough to call down upon himself all the challenge and anathema the elephant tongue possesses, and Tembu had come in time to return that hate in full measure.

A TROOP of spidery monkeys came swinging through the bush and came to rest.

Later that day, therefore, we find Tembu, his vast form masked in a screen of bush and creepers, resting and drowsing as he waited for the killing heat to abate and the giant pain in his giant tusk to subside. Those of us who have suffered prolonged toothache can sympathize with him, but perhaps not wholly understand even when it is explained that a tusk is a supertooth, a tooth weighing all of a hundred and fifty pounds, which develops a superache, I make no doubt, in proportion. An ache that is not a matter of days but of years.

THE green gloom of the jungle was like a cave of the dead except for the occasional planing of a parrot or weaver bird from tree to tree. Tembu's perverse brain was conning further evil as he rested there in a still heat of 106°, his trunk, with its miraculous washed-air cooling and scenting system, winnowing every puff of breeze which came from along his back trail, that he might sense the approach of enemies who might follow him from the Battak village. He would have welcomed any and sundry such just then, for his temper was at its vilest.

None appeared, however, unless one counts a troop of spidery monkeys who came swinging through the bush, spied Tembu's gray and gun-metal bulk, and came to rest above his head. Immediately the vagabonds, who had only been searching for something to pry into which was none of their affair, began the game that is dear to the monkey heart. Crowding the tree branches above Tembu, they showered him with abuse and many things worse, including sticks and spiny burs.

Tembu ignored their antics until his wrath reached the boiling point. Then he combusted. As there was no way of direct retaliation against these grimacing acrobats, he heaved his bulk against the tree they were in and bent it almost to the ground. There was a crackling of wood but the tree did not break. As the monster released it with a peevish flirt of the head, it whipped back to vertical, hurling monkeys in all directions. Tembu charged after them, rumbling volcanic rumbles deep in his paunch. But the apes, you may be sure, were a hundred feet away when he arrived; nor did any of them tarry for further deviltry.

LEAVING the scene of his disgruntlement behind him, Tembu removed at speed through the breathless gloom of the river bush. Almost as silent as his own enormous shadow he was, for all his giant bulk, his big pile-driver feet seeming shod with pneumatic cushions. As has been intimated, his temper had been only a degree off boiling all day. Given this beginning, Fate, as if chuckling over what was in store, saw fit to lead him plump into a pair of saladang moving down to water.

Though he is but a member of the wild cattle family, a true bison, the saladang is one of the fiercest and most dangerous beasts on the planet today. Fortunately his breed is scarce, for he is a killer by nature, and his great size, almost equal to that of the rhinoceros, and his pair of terrible curved horns make him wholesomely feared by every dweller in his domain. His temper is abominable; he will do battle at the slightest provocation and gives trail to no other beast.

As this pair, a cow and a vast bull, rounded an abrupt turn in the trail and beheld Tembu bearing down upon them, the bull saladang, without a moment's hesitation, wheeled to face the elephant with a loud snort of challenge. Tembu raised his trunk in a shattering trumpet note of rage and came straight on.

Though he was nearly seven feet high at the shoulders, the saladang sprang from rest to full charge as swiftly and lightly as a stag. With head close to the ground, he plunged forward like a torpedo boat, terrible horns veering upward at an eviscerating angle. Just before the beast reached him, Tembu reared and side-stepped with astonishing agility—not from any faint-heartedness, but to protect his knees, the most vulnerable spot in an elephant's anatomy. His gait is a single-footed one, and once one of his legs is out of commission he can no longer navigate, for the other three are not enough to support his great bulk in motion.

The impact of the saladang's rush caught him in the right shoulder; the vast curved horns, glancing off, ripped along Tembu's side with a glancing blow which nevertheless cut through thick hide and flesh as though they were paper. In the same moment Tembu's trunk swept downward like a whipping black snake, landing a blow on the head of his assailant that sent him staggering

aside and would surely have broken the neck of any of his lesser relatives. It stopped the beast only a moment, however. Gathering himself, the great bison came in again, his sharp hoofs cutting great holes in the turf. But Tembu was ready for him this time with a charge of his own. Trunk curled back beneath his mouth for protection, he met the assault with a terrible downward thrust of his good left tusk, buttressed by all his mighty weight. The thrust was true. The bull literally spitted himself upon the dreadful weapon, which pierced into his very lungs. Bellowing frightfully in his agony, the maddened beast heaved and struggled to free himself, goring at the elephant's chest and legs. But Tembu's weight and strength were implacable. Pinning the other to the ground, he slowly knelt on his foe, crushing the life out of him with the irresistible force of nearly ten tons of bone and muscle.

IN his last agonized moments, however, the saladang exacted grim payment for his life. One of his horns, goring upward, caught on the broken tusk of Tembu and almost wrenched it from its socket. Rearing to his feet, Tembu trod and pounded the remains of his foe into the sod until the flattened carcass was scarcely recognizable. Then, shattering the jungle stillness with a blare of pain and fury, he went plunging away along the river bank like unto an avalanche or a runaway war tank, his little eyes glowing red, like peepholes into a burning cellar, with smoke and flame showing through. It was pain that drove him —that throbbing, rankling toothache of years, multiplied one hundred times, until his brain was filled with fire and the whole landscape was blurry red before him. Berserk now; gone *must* indeed!

One might have beheld the trees rocking as in a great wind to his passage, the immense creepers rent apart like string, big branches snapping off and clattering backward along the slope of his great back as he rushed on, great feet plying with a catlike surety. All thought of caution, even direction, was gone from him. His senses muddled from his frenzy, he ran on and on, without a thought of destination, finding in his mighty expenditure of energy the one possible surcease from torment. He could not dream, of course, that this sudden madness was exactly timed to save him from an ambush of elephant hunters which included half the Battak village and was headed by the English hunter, and which even then was forming a great cordon around him.

Three hours had passed, and an early moon was poking above the jungle roof, before Tembu's paroxysms began to lessen from fatigue. His pace began to slacken, until at last he was merely walking through the evening coolness, letting the game paths lead him withersoever they would. And finally he halted alto-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is a husband getting rid of DANDRUFF

Listerine achieves amazing results in treating loose dandruff and overcoming scalp inflammations

Are you troubled with a dandruffy condition of the scalp? Is your scalp too dry or too oily? Does it itch and burn? Do you lose an excessive amount of hair when you comb it?

If so, we urge you to try Listerine. Most men who have any of the above troubles are skeptical about getting rid of them. But some of the most enthusiastic boosters for Listerine are the very skeptics who thought it would not work. We are constantly receiving letters from such men—and women too—praising Listerine for its quick results.

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LISTERINE ***the safe antiseptic***

RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING SCALP

TOOTH OF TEMBU
Continued from page twenty-seven

gether in a dense stretch of lampur bush, his frenzy passed. He didn't know it, but in the past ten minutes a miracle had been wrought: his broken tusk had caught upon a lashing branch and come out by the roots. All he did know was that his brain was strangely purged of its madness, the first time in years. Drugged by the apathy which follows pain, he slept, while the moon sank, the forest breathed, and big atlas moths, hunting on silent wings, spatted against his wrinkled sides.

For three days and nights thereafter he remained quiescent, drowsing much, and roaming not at all except to move down to the river in the heat of the day. There he would drink and bathe for hours. Lying in the shallows, he would spray trunkfuls of warm water over his back, sighing and rumbling in a contentment he had not known since calfhood as it trickled into the wrinkles of his rough hide, drowning out the ticks that were there. And gradually the pain and misery that had formerly driven him dwindled to the merest memory.

With a terrifying snort he charged in among the village huts.

It was on a night of calling wind and moonshine, a month later, when there came to Tembu's ears, as he fed, the far trumpeting of the wild elephant herd. It came echoing to him across miles of jungled valleys—the voice of the great Sumatran herd which had mothered him; and to Tembu's heart there came a sudden burning urge to return to it. The rabid gleam of the criminal was no longer in his eye; his foragings and his passage to and fro along the jungle trails were no longer a menace to the rest of the forest. He was a chastened beast; moreover, a magnificent and a mature one. Twenty-six years old he was now, which is well into maturity for an elephant, as it is for a man. Deviltry and solitude did not suffice him now, nor ever would again, it seemed. In short, a life alone was rapidly becoming intolerable.

Therefore Tembu departed from that place at once, and following the silver pathway of the moon he went to find the herd.

IT would be no simple matter to reinstate himself in the life and trust of the herd again, and Tembu knew it well. An amazing system of law and order exists among the elephant people—strict customs pertaining to mating and combat, crime, leadership, and the dealing out of punishment. So admirable are these laws that the Malays believe that in the far past man himself was subject to the elephant folk. Tembu knew he would be rigorously tried, and doubtless punished; therefore he did not advertise his coming as he approached the herd next day while they fed in a stretch of open bush. Very meekly, head and trunk held low, he came out of the forest and approached a group of stragglers.

The leading bulls blasted sharp warnings at sight of him; but Tembu made no sound. Two ancient bulls and a lean old spinstress whose craft had made her looked up to in the herd came up, blowing through their trunks. They eyed him long and appraisingly, taking in his wonderful proportions, doubtless knowing in their inscrutable brains that no finer, nobler specimen of elephant existed upon the entire island. They looked deep into his eyes for devils; and though the devils were now gone, the herd remembered them too well, and punishment was the decree.

At a signal from the great leading bull, four old tuskers ringed Tembu round, and lifting their great trunks aloft and flailing them downward they began chastising him. For minutes the blows rained upon him, smashing downward with incredible force upon his head, neck, and shoulders, until he staggered beneath them. When finally he broke through the ranks, they drove him bellowing into the forest.

IN less than half an hour Tembu was back again. Inexorably the process was repeated. That time there were no half measures. The entire herd gathered about to watch, intent but silent except for an occasional spasmodic rumble of excitement. Eyes rolling with furious whiteness, the punishing circle pinned him in and beat him down; hammered him until the blood trickled from his gashed forehead and ripped and streaming ears. Punished him until, his legs caving under him, Tembu collapsed on the ground gasping, his great head rolling limply, eyes dull, trunk lifeless. But not until his head lay flat upon the ground and a broken bellow escaped him—a bellow of utter contrition—did the chastisement cease. Slowly then the ring of bulls drew back and waited for him to rise tottering to his feet.

Thus Tembu won his way back into the herd, and by degrees his heart was healed, and his soul—for I swear an elephant has a soul—was appeased by communion with his kind. His reinstatement, however, was strictly probationary. His every move was watched cannily by the old herd leaders for the slightest sign of incorrigibility.

Therefore, though Tembu felt his destiny and heritage in every pulse beat, though the strength and power that had come upon him was almost too great a thing to control, he bided his time until he had won the trust of all the herd. So six full months passed and midwinter had come again, which is high summer in that land, before Tembu challenged the old herd master to do him battle.

There were strict rules and punctilios to such affairs, and Tembu was quite within his rights. The herd leader had no choice but to accept, and so with due preliminaries the battle was joined, in sight of all the herd—such a battle of giants as must often have been fought in the days when the earth was young.

Beating the ground hollowly with their trunks and blasting by way of challenge, but with no more hate or rage apparently than a pair of boxers might have, the two bulls charged each other. It was as if two mountains had risen up and gone to war. They met head to head with a shock that seemed to shake the ground. Then, heaving, lunging, parrying, and trumpeting, they strove for long minutes to overthrow each other. Their rough hides scraped together with a sound that resembled the rasping of rusty iron. The undergrowth was crushed and ground beneath them as under a steam press.

Then as at a signal they withdrew and charged anew. The old leader, who was all of seventy years old, staggered visibly under the shock and a great flaming bar of crimson

leaped out on his massive shoulder. Tembu's slightly greater height and bulk were telling; but as the pair broke apart the battle-wise leader brought his yellowed tusks around on Tembu's flank with a force that almost turned the tables.

Any lesser beast would have been overthrown by it; but in a flash Tembu had drawn aside and come in with a broadside charge in retaliation. It caught the other fairly in the side, his single tusk cutting deep. The herd master staggered blunderingly backward, snapping off a pair of young trees at their bases as he went to his knees.

Though he gathered himself again and came grimly back, the tide of the battle had definitely turned against him.

For fully an hour longer he held up, meeting charge with charge. But his strength and science were waning. His breath came in whistling, tearing blasts and the blood began to trickle out of his open mouth from some deep internal wound. Tembu seemed unweakened—a living catapult of inexhaustible energy.

Close and closer the herd pressed now, and watched critically each maneuver, for the greatest of issues was at stake for them. Watched until a final mighty charge from the challenger brought the old king down with a monumental crash that made the very ground tremble.

Alert but making no attempt to renew his onslaught, Tembu stood over the other. He did not hate him, had no wish to kill him. Some signal seemed to have passed between the two; quarter had been asked and given. Painfully the old bull pulled himself to his feet and backed out of the circle. As he did so a shivering crash of sound rent the primeval silence of the bush to atoms.

It was a concerted trumpeting from all the herd—the salute to a coronated monarch. Tembu had fulfilled his destiny.

YEARS have passed since that day, and Tembu still leads the great Sumatran herd in its wanderings up and down the island. He is Tembu the mighty now, Tembu the king. But to the superstitious natives, rooted in tradition and taboo, Tembu the rogue still lives. They know that a great one-tusked bull is now at the head of the island herd, but that proves nothing. He is not a bull with one tusk broken off.

Whenever a raid is made upon their crops they lay it to the rogue Tembu, who they claim still wanders the island by night, so old and so wise that no man may outwit him. If anyone doubts, they disprove it firmly.

"No man has seen him die," they say. "Therefore he is not dead."

Which is very good indeed for the new Tembu in his new rôle.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a calumet?
2—In nautical language, what is a painter?
3—What is æstivation?
4—What is loess?
5—What is parchment?
6—What states were included in the Louisiana Purchase?
7—What is a pentathlon?
8—What is the meaning of exoteric?
9—What is an afflatus?
10—How long did it take to complete the Cologne Cathedral?
11—What is a writ of certiorari?
12—Who originated the leap year in our calendar?
13—What is a gnomon?
14—What is the popular nickname for the Bank of England?
15—What is melanism?
16—Who commanded the battleship Maine when it was sunk?
17—How many Democratic Presidents have been elected since the Civil War?
18—What bird travels as fast or faster than an airplane?
19—Who was Barabbas?
20—What was the immediate cause of "Black Friday" in United States history?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

What important factors should you consider in buying aspirin?
(see page 59 for the answer)

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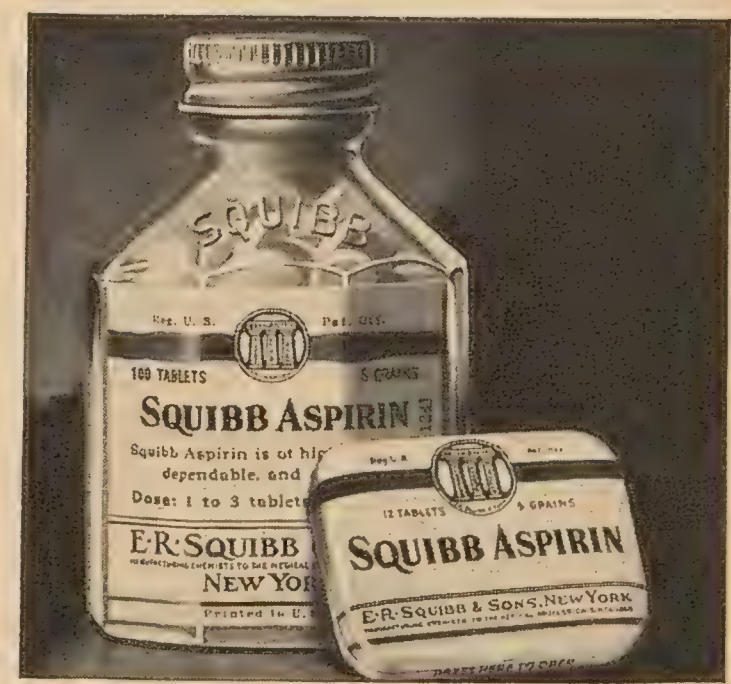

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SHOOT AND

Mistaken for a Werewolf—The "Dead" in O. D. Return—More Yankee Prisoners Arrive and a Slacker and a German Under-Cover Agent Get "the Works"—Boxes of Salvation!

(Reading time: 30 minutes 35 seconds.)

THE "health examination" that the Germans inflicted on their starving prisoners at Tuchel constituted a grim opening scene for last week's installment of Sergeant Halyburton's own story. Then followed his first experience, and that of his American comrades in captivity, on the murderous wood-wagon detail. The Russians at this labor were dying like flies. One by one the Americans collapsed and were carried off to the wretched camp hospital until only Halyburton and sixteen-year-old Danny Gallagher were left on their feet. These two came across a kindly old guard commander who slipped them bowls of nourishing stew.

At last, by dint of bluffing, the sergeant got himself appointed dugout commander in charge of all American prisoners. Meanwhile starvation and the wood wagons were making him light-headed. In an effort to keep his mind clear, he sat in with some Russian *Führer* in a card game, winning a fine pair of knee-length boots. That night in his bunk he awoke just in time to seize an arm that was groping through a ventilator in an attempt to stab him with a trench knife.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons—except obviously true names, and that of Halyburton—have been changed. With these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART FOUR—THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP ALIVE

MY excitement had had the effect of an eye-opener. I was thinking with greater clarity. I had saved myself from assassination, not robbery. But the knife man's motive was a puzzle. I had done nothing to inspire such enmity.

Deciding to say nothing about the incident, I closed the ventilator and hid the dirk behind a loose board in the ceiling. For an hour or so I feigned sleep, watching both the vent and the casern entrance. The strain was too much for me. I slipped again into a kind of trance.

When complete consciousness next returned to me it was daybreak. The electric lamps had been lighted. At a far end of the dugout a group of Russians shuffled about, sighing over the beginning of another day.

As usually happened, my ghastly dreams haunted me on

BE DAMNED!

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to
RALPH GOLL

TREMBLING with fury, I jerked the corporal back into formation, clapping a hand over his mouth

first awakening. It was my impression that the attempt on my life had been one of them. I thrust a finger behind the board where it seemed I had hidden the knife. I felt its blade.

Galvanized into action, I scrambled from my niche and dragged myself toward the water buckets.

A Russian had fallen from his bunk and was lying in the passage in front of me. Other prisoners were standing around, showing unusual interest in the prostrate man. I recognized him as Feodor. He was dying

Meeting my gaze with glassy eyes, Feodor uttered what I took to be a malediction. The others edged away, making signs. Then one pointed an accusing finger at my face.

"*Blut!*" he croaked. "*Sehe! Es ist treu! Blut!*"

With that he bolted, his companions at his heels.

Too ill to be much concerned by their irrational behavior, I got a cup of water for Feodor. While I bent over him he jerked convulsively a few times, then stiffened.

Another wave of sickness shook and tossed me. I wanted to give up, lie down and die. But something within me greater than myself denied me the right to surrender.

I DROVE myself to the buckets and splashed icy water over my face. After the first chilling application I noticed that my fingers came away from my cheeks with pink drops falling from them.

Remembering that blood from a scratch on a nail-point had splashed my face the previous evening, I now understood what the Russian had seen when he pointed and cried, "*Blut!*"

The ersatz detail came around. The prisoners who had fled outdoors returned, but stayed as far away from me as possible, and left after wolfing their *Brod* and *Kaffee*. Danny ambled away and I was alone with the corpse. I sat by the stove, brooding.

"*Kamerad*—oh, oh!"

It seemed that the dead man was speaking. Then I realized that the dugout commander had come in.

"*Nicht gut, Kamerad.*" He motioned toward Feodor's body and the empty bunks, ending by pointing to me. "*Tod!*"

His meaning was too clear to escape me, bemused as I was. The Russian privates wanted me to die.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

"The hotter the day-

WORKING in the hot summer sun is as hard on the motor of your car as it is on your own body. Warm weather increases knocking. Knocking causes engine overheating. And overheated engines waste oil and gasoline, run up costly repair bills, shorten car life, and spoil driving trips. You will save your motor and money as well by using Ethyl Gasoline this summer. The Ethyl fluid in it controls combustion inside the engine. It turns more of the energy in each gallon into useful power and LESS into harmful waste heat. It helps keep your motor cool on the hottest days and the longest drives. Stop at an Ethyl pump today. Forget the bane of knocking and overheating as carbon forms with mileage.

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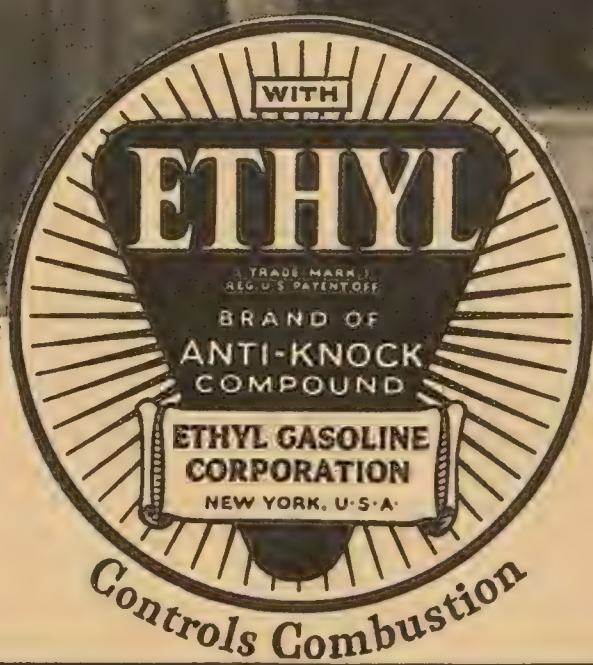

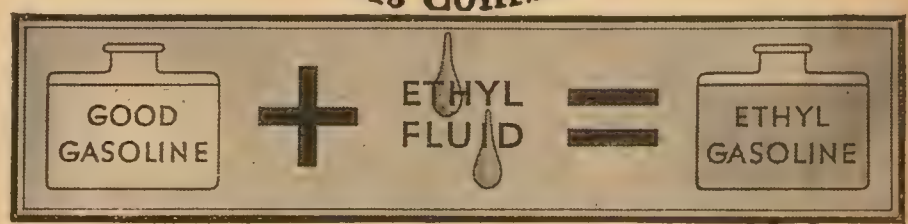

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page thirty-one]

"*Was für?*" I asked dully. I could imagine no reason. The *Führer* shrugged and tapped his skull. His men were crazy, I interpreted. This Feodor had been working on the wood wagons when Danny and I were relieved. The day after our dismissal from the detail a wolf had begun to follow the caravan through the forest. Bullets fired at it by the *Schildwachen* neither frightened nor harmed it.

To the child-minded Feodor the animal had suggested a werewolf. In legends handed down from periods of famine, a dead man who returned from the grave and drank the blood of the living sometimes assumed a wolf's shape.

Feodor had needed only to recall the myth to his fellow prisoners. They were growing weaker every day. The reason had to be that a werewolf was sucking their blood!

Who was the werewolf? One of the strange Americans, of course. Suspicion had centered on me.

"With your cap and boots you looked like a Russian."

I gazed steadfastly at the speaker, making no reply. He neither altered his appearance nor vanished.

"Godfrey," I ventured in a whisper.

"That's me all over, sarge."

Like a drowning man I grabbed him.

"The others!" I cried fiercely. "Where are the others?"

"They're still alive and kicking, but that's about all. They'll be out of the hospital in a day or two."

"Alive! All of them? You're sure? Alive!"

GODFREY'S return could not have been more timely. Another day might have completed my mental breakdown. He was questioning me now. Where was Danny? How had we got off the wood detail? Hadn't the Germans told us that the rest of the party lived?

"No news ever comes out of the hospital," I said.

"You haven't heard from the Red Cross?"

A German snapshot of the scene in which "Mr. Armstrong" interviewed the Americans and Shaylor spoke out of turn. Armstrong is the fat man toward the right, with fur cap and cane. Behind the Americans is one of the starving Russian privates.

Charms and incantations failing them in their delusion, they had conspired to stab me. Now my position was even more dangerous, for coincidental with Feodor's death I had appeared among the men, my lips bloodstained.

"*Bewahre du, Kamerad,*" said the *Führer*, his voice falling to a whisper. "*Bewache and bewahre. Die Nacht—*"

My nerves cracked. I knew I was laughing madly. Then my mind slipped its leash. When I recovered sufficiently to know what I was doing, night had fallen. I was wandering along the wire. It was not until I had touched my face that I felt sure of my identity.

Returning to the dugout, I crept into a lower bunk near the door, and there in spite of my danger I sank into a stupor. Daybreak brought me another period of lucidity. As I dragged myself out into the aisle between the bunks, the Russians who were up fled in even greater terror than they had shown before in my presence.

A LITTLE later I worked up enough energy to climb to my crypt under the ventilator. A pine splinter, probably five feet long and two inches thick, had been driven through the hole and into the bunk with such force that it now lay broken on my blanket.

Long afterward I was to learn that, in legend, vampires were laid by driving wooden stakes through their bodies.

My mental condition had made me extremely secretive. I was afraid even to sit beside Danny Gallagher. I dared not report the Russians to the block commander. As I saw it, my story would only convince him that I was mad.

Trying at one moment to think and at the next to keep myself from thinking, I threw myself on a bench beside the dugout stove and waited for what might come. A hand caught my arm and a voice said in my ear: "My God, it's Halyburton! Look up here, sarge!"

I lifted my head stupidly. A man in O. D. was standing beside me. He had Herschel Godfrey's face. Of course my mind was tricking me again!

I shook my head. "They haven't had time to reach us."

"Maybe. But the French Red Cross is sending food through to the Roumanians here."

"Roumanians!"

"Yeah; there are five thousand of them in another inclosure. I talked to one in the hospital. The French have been sending them corned beef and biscuits for months."

"I guess we're in a class with the Russians when it comes to getting help," I reflected bitterly.

"The vodkas are telling now," said Godfrey, "that their new government has made peace with Germany and that they'll be sent home. My bet is that the Germans keep them here."

I was not concerning myself with the Russo-German armistice, which in fact had been concluded. It had struck me that with the return of my men it might be possible to get a separate barrack from the Germans and a food allowance from the Roumanians.

Of course the chances of success were slim. The *Kommandeur* would object to giving a dugout to eight men. Getting the Roumanians to share their meager Red Cross supplies with us would be even more difficult.

The job was one for a shrewd diplomat instead of a starving line sergeant. However, reporting to the block commander at noon, I asked him to designate a special American dugout and grant me a pass to the Roumanian inclosure. The *Feldwebel*, whose name I learned was Breitmann, took no offense at my request. He said he would transfer us to an empty casern if headquarters did not object. Then he assigned a guard to escort me to the Roumanian inclosure.

I found the members of the Roumanian prison committee in session. Curiosity more than anything else prompted them to give me an immediate hearing. As none of them spoke English, I resorted to all the foreign words I had ever picked up—German, Russian, French, and even Spanish.

My argument was that my seven comrades and I were

starving. We had asked the American Red Cross for help. Food would arrive for us eventually. If the Roumanians would grant us provisions now we would repay in kind when our own supplies reached us. It was slow, exacerbating work—torture, even. I was having to fight as never before to keep myself under control. I could see suspicion and disapproval in their faces as they considered my proposition.

The *Führer* were sympathetic—very sympathetic. It would be too bad if we died. But the American Red Cross was supposed to help us. Their supplies were intended only for themselves, not for Russians or even Americans.

All at once I conceived for them a terrible if unreasonable hatred. I wanted to kick over the table and lash out at them with both fists. Instead I offered my last argument. America was rich. Our Red Cross organization had enough money to ship us not merely corned beef and biscuits but good coffee, milk, vegetables, and tobacco. Repayment would be made in anything our creditors chose.

WHAT we would get, if anything, was largely guesswork; but the mention of coffee and tobacco visibly impressed several of the *Führer*. The committee went into a huddle. Four of the *Führer* indicated that they favored accepting my proposal, the others eventually coming round to their viewpoint. We would be allowed to draw from their stores at the rate of two biscuits a day and a four-ounce can of meat every fourth day for each man.

Failing to get better terms, I arranged for immediate withdrawals, to start with allotments of both meat and hard bread.

Supplementing our German rations, this food would enable us to live indefinitely, I believed, unless we were again detailed to hard labor in a subzero temperature.

Jubilantly I returned to my block, meeting *Feldwebel* Breitmann at the gate. The *Feldwebel* had been given permission to establish an all-American casern. He pointed out a dugout near the wire as our future abode.

Fortune was favoring us at last, it seemed.

Hurrying to the old barrack, I picked up Godfrey and Danny Gallagher and gathered up my few belongings. Though the possession of any weapon was a capital offense under German prison camp codes, I took along that trench knife.

We found the unoccupied casern even more filthy than the one from which we were moving. But a psychological change, almost miraculous, became apparent in the three of us after we had eaten real bread and meat—particularly meat. Our spirits were comparatively high. We talked more and laughed occasionally. Though still physically weak as before, we set to work cleaning our new quarters.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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COCOMALT, the delicious, chocolate flavor food drink, is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods. This is your guarantee of the quality of COCOMALT and the truthfulness of the claims made for it.

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Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page thirty-five]

Kemdall and Grimbsley came back from the hospital. Then Lester, Decker, and Loughman appeared, completing the squad. None of them had received real medical attention. Their partial recovery was due only to what rest they had been able to get sandwiched in between dying Russians.

Our reunion called for celebration, if anything ever did. However, there was nothing to drink or smoke.

"As head of the house, it's strictly up to you to provide the fireworks, sarge," said Grimbsley. "Here are the dice—the very pair my grandfather shot in Libby Prison."

I took them and set out to visit the Russian *Führer*. The excursion seemed rather hopeless. I had always thought of crap games as being peculiar to America. But the Russians responded as readily to the rattling of the ivories as to the clatter of soup pails. It was harder to manipulate the dice on a paper blanket than on O. D., but in the end I brought away a bottle of *Schnapps* and two packages of cigarettes. The liquor had been smuggled to them by a guard.

"There is a Santa Claus," said Grimbsley, when I returned with my plunder. "Whisky and fags! But where are old von Kronkeit's medals?"

The festivities were over almost before they began. Our physical condition being what it was, the green potato liquor and synthetic tobacco had about the same effect as T. N. T. and mustard gas. Somebody was reciting Down in the Lehigh Valley when the lights went out for me.

The next few days were uneventful. Some little activity being necessary, we continued to clean the burrow, taking our time but being thorough.

Scouring the stove, sanding the floor, and scrubbing the bunks, we had the place almost fit for human habitation when a noncom from headquarters clamped down on us.

"*Achtung!*"

I called the squad to attention and we stood up, startled. A bulky figure loomed in the door—von Kronkeit, or I was mad! I had no more expected a visit from the *Kommandeur* than the return of my missing comrades.

In strode the general, looking picturesque as the Kaiser on dress parade. Sniffing and snorting, he stamped to the end of the casern and back, his keen old eyes seeing everything.

"*Ihre caserne ist rein,*" he said gruffly. "*Das ist gut.*"

HE marched on out with his sword-rattling retinue, leaving me to wonder. He had found the dugout clean and it had pleased him enough to compliment us.

For a moment I felt a thrill of satisfaction. We had got under the old war horse's hide. Then, as though there were something traitorous about being flattered by a German, particularly one who had tried to kill us on the wood wagons, I began to hate myself.

"I'd like to stick a bayonet in that old puffball," I said. "Have we done anything that Americans shouldn't do, that the All Highest is handing us bouquets?"

"Why, was that a bouquet?" asked Grimbsley innocently. "I thought he was asking you out to shoot crap."

A few days after the general's visit—it was late February—a *Schildwache* came into the casern with the ominous announcement, "*Raus—Arbeit!*"

Convinced that something nasty awaited us, I hurried to the *Feldwebel's* office. Breitmann was smoking a huge porcelain pipe which bore the legend *Liebe und Friede*. I delivered a long pantomimic address on the injustice of putting my men to work when rightfully they should be in a hospital.

I might have saved myself my breath as Breitmann was saving his. Between puffs he told me that he had no intention of assigning us to anything except the sanitary and stump-splitting details employed inside the stockade.

It so happened that the *Feldwebel* never needed more than a couple of workers at a time, so I was able to send the men out in rotation. Usually they went to the woodshed. Protected from the weather and given a day or two of rest between duty periods, they suffered little.

Another week elapsed without bringing word from the Red Cross. The Roumanian *Führer* were beginning to regret their bargain. "How's business?" they were wont to ask when I appeared at the magazine. After getting an admission from me that my "business" with the American relief agency had not yet been productive of anything, they always let me know that they contemplated refusing further assistance. They doled out our allowance like misers, fondling each can and piece of hard-tack and counting them a half dozen times.

Just when it was beginning to appear that I could no longer shake the determination of the Roumanians to stop their loans of food, headquarters summoned me.

"*Offiziere aus Berlin,*" explained the messenger.

"There you are," Grimbsley laughed. "Kaiser Bill has come to see you. Ask him, for cripes' sake, to put some meat in our soup!"

Mystified and excited, I followed the runner to H. Q., repeating his announcement, "Officers from Berlin!" Something more than curiosity had brought visitors from the German capital, I concluded. A door opened and I was facing five strange officers, all neatly uniformed, and a civilian.

AS I brought the heels of my boots together and saluted, the civilian produced a paper.

"Sergeant Halyburton," said he in English, "I am an attaché of the Spanish embassy. I am authorized to obtain answers to these questions. Will you read and answer, please?"

It was an English-language questionnaire covering all phases of our life at Tuchel.

"Is it true that you have been exposed to snow and ice without proper clothing?" I read. "Is it true that your quarters are unsanitary and your food wholly inadequate?"

It struck me immediately that the United States government, apprised of our plight, had lodged a belated protest through the Spanish diplomatic corps.

I looked at him. "Señor, I am in a position which makes it difficult to tell the truth, as you must realize. But I mean to tell it, regardless of what may happen."

Replying to the first question, I gave a detailed description of our agonizing labors on the wood wagons.

The German officers looked astounded, then angry. It was obvious that none of them had thought I would dare give anything but answers favorable to Germany.

"We are from the War Ministry," one of the officers told me significantly. "Are you sure, sergeant, that you haven't imagined some of the things of which you speak? We all like to exaggerate our difficulties, you know."

He was talking to me as though I were a child, giving me a chance to back down.

I flared. "I'm not lying—not by a God-damned sight—and you know it! You only have to walk through the camp to verify what I've told you. If you and your War Office want to shoot me for denying what anyone can see, go ahead and do it! Christ knows a man might better be dead than here!"

My burst of anger relieved the tension. Suddenly the Germans were grinning.

"Oh, come, sergeant," said the German who had spoken before. "Someone has lied to you about us. We never shoot a prisoner without having given him a trial governed by the laws of war. There is no law against complaining."

Another officer broke in on the conversation: "You came from America to help in the destruction of Germany. We are waging war against great odds. Our country is besieged on all sides. Our babies are dying for want of milk. Our citizens are famished. Our soldiers are fighting and marching on little more than horse meat and turnip soup. Now, do you think that we can, in justice to ourselves, give our prisoners more than you are getting?"

"It seems to me that you are the one who is exaggerating," I retorted.

"I am telling the truth about Germany. You will be with us until the end of the war, so I can speak frankly. We are doing all and more than you would expect your own country to do for German prisoners if conditions there were as bad as they are here. We want you to live. If your death had been desired, we could have saved ourselves time and expense by killing you on the battlefield."

I had to admit that the German's logic was sound. But excuses, whether good or bad, would not fill our stomachs.

"The Americans at Tuchel are asking only the rights guaranteed prisoners of war by laws to which all civilized nations have agreed," I said. "I'll be frank with you. I don't know what those laws are, or whether they mean anything. I don't know whether any of us are civilized. But I do know that we are starving. Only a miracle has kept us alive so far. We want to live, gentlemen. You say Germany wants us to live. It should be easy for us to get together."

With that we settled down to business. While the officers would not promise us more food, they assured me that an English-speaking agent of the War Ministry would be detailed to Tuchel to look after our interests.

Then we got around to the subject of Red Cross relief. He asked me for the names of my men, which I supplied.

"You have my word that a list of the Americans here will be forwarded to your Red Cross committee at Berne," he said. "Food should arrive for you within two or three weeks."

AT the conclusion of the hearing I thanked them and was led back to my barrack block, walking as though on air. With our government and the Spanish embassy interested in our welfare, and the Germans softening, I could see light.

News traveled swiftly at Tuchel. The Roumanians learned of the visit of the Spaniard. When I next applied for rations at their storehouse, the noncoms in charge rubbed their hands, slapped my shoulders, and made much of me. Business was looking better. The freshest biscuits were none too good for the *Amerikaner*.

A couple of days later *Feldwebel* Breitmann brought word that more American prisoners had arrived. I piled out of the casern with the men who were not on fatigue duty. Like excited schoolboys we surrounded the gate.

Soon the prisoners appeared, nine of them—no, ten! All were ragged, gaunt and bearded. We set up a cheer that became almost immediately a groan, for as they drew nearer we could see that some were on their last legs.

Breitmann opened the gate and turned the newcomers over to me as they entered. No one spoke. Three or four of the prisoners had been shell-shocked. Their eyelids twitched and their mouths quivered. Others were so deep in despair that they hardly looked up from the snow.

"All right, boys; come on." I directed them to our dugout, where they huddled around the stove, still silent.

Something had to be done to put them right with themselves. I tried one of my old first-morning talks to recruits.

"See here, you fellows—you've got to snap out of it! You're soldiers, not convicts. Where are your guts? Lift up your heads. Let me see whether you've got any chins.

"This isn't the pleasantest place in the world, but eight of us have been here two months and we're still on our feet. Don't get panicky. Keep calm." And so on.

One of the new prisoners stepped out of the group and we scrutinized each other. I saw a man of thirty, all bones and muscle. In normal flesh he would have been a splendid type of soldier.

"I don't know you," said the stranger, "but I like the way you talk. I think I can say for the gang that we'll stick with you."

"Good enough, soldier. What's your name?"

"Geoghegan—Charles A. We're all New York engineers, captured at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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"pink tooth brush"!

TRUE! Men, like bees, are drawn to the flower that is fragrant! But of what use perfume, if men find that all your attractiveness flies when you *smile?*

Don't forget that to be alluring, a smile must reveal brilliant, white teeth! And white teeth depend on firm gums!

The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to keep the gums hard. Your gums are soft and flabby. Tender, too. You either have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

Do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And it can lead to gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

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Remember: A good tooth paste like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-722, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page thirty-seven]

Cambrai while brigaded with the British. The Germans got us last November."

"Where in hell have they had you since?"

He grimaced. "At the front, part of the time. They worked us under fire from our own guns, building roads, repairing trenches. God, it was awful! There were other prisoners—French and British. Some were killed. Some went mad. All of us were nutty when they finally took us to the rear, I guess. They exposed us to shellfire as a reprisal. The British had done something they didn't like."

I regarded them with more compassion now. It was not courage that they lacked. Their nerves had broken.

"We do not shoot prisoners without a trial," the representative of the War Ministry had said. No, the Germans did not. They let Allied guns do it for them!

THE task of welding the nerve-broken engineers with my squad of infantrymen was fraught with difficulties. Finding that I would have to employ disciplinary measures to avert an outbreak of hysteria, I organized a court-martial, choosing Geoghegan and Lester to sit with me. A majority vote of all the men delegated to us the power to impose any punishment from extra duty to death.

Threats, reprimands, and assignments to offensive tasks sufficed to stop the panic and bring all but one man to an acceptance of our decision to live and die as a unit. The one was Corporal Ralph Shaylor, middle-aged and intelligent. Shell shock had made him extremely nervous.

Though I did not know it at the time, he had been an officeholder in civil life, and had joined the army to escape a scandal. He had struck out for himself as soon as his party arrived at Tuchel, paying no heed to my warning. He said little to any of us and nothing to me, though I tried to engage him in friendly conversation with a view to learning what underlay his attitude.

Reports came to me that he was trying to ingratiate himself with the guards. Then I caught him with some potatoes that he had obtained from a Russian *Führer*.

"Shaylor," I said to him, "I've let you get away with a lot. From now on you've got to play ball with us."

"Go to hell!" he snarled, like a dog with a bone. "These spuds are mine and I intend to keep them."

Still uncertain if he should be held accountable for his conduct, I watched him disappear in a Russian casern.

Some of the men began to grumble about my leniency.

"What are you going to do with that lousy bum?" asked an engineer who had known him in civil life. "We recognize your authority, but we don't believe you're being fair. This Shaylor has always been a guy who looked out for Number One—a damned dirty grafter. He was a crook in office back home and a gold brick at the front."

"Listen, soldier," I answered savagely. "What a man was back home don't count here. But you can say to the fellows that Shaylor has had his last chance."

During the next day or two I forgot the corporal, as I was again having trouble with the Roumanian prison committee. Returning from what I hoped had been a winning argument with them, I found General von Kronkeit's aids and two men in citizens' clothes at the gate of our inclosure. One of the two was tall and thin. He carried a camera. The other, fat and pig-eyed, wore a fur cap and leaned on a cane.

Feldwebel Breitmann instructed me to assemble all the Americans at our dugout door. Guessing that we were to be photographed by propagandists, I advised the men to put on their best fighting faces. "And if there's any talking to be done," I said, "let me do it."

We formed in double rank, and while the cameraman drew off to one side the fat man stepped out in front of us.

"Boys," said he, squinting, "I'm an American."

From the rear rank somebody gave him the "berry."

"Armstrong is my name," he went on, unmindful of the interruption. "I'm a newspaper man—a representative of the Associated Press. You've heard of the Associated Press."

He was peering at each of us in turn, apparently to learn what effect his words were having.

"Now, boys, a great many false stories about you are being circulated in the United States. It is being said and printed in the papers there that you are confined in cages—that you have been tortured and mutilated—that you are dead or dying of starvation. You don't want your mothers and fathers to believe such things, do you? Think of the worry and grief those stories are causing!"

I was watching the self-styled American closely, unable to figure out his game. Then he tipped his hand.

"I want you to give me a message to the people in the United States. I'll send your exact words. How about it? You're getting along all right, aren't you?"

Shaylor suddenly stepped out.

"Mr. Armstrong, you can say that the Americans are being well treated," he began.

A GASP ran down the line. Trembling with fury, I grabbed the corporal and jerked him back into formation, clapping a hand over his mouth.

"Who the hell gave you permission to break ranks, Shaylor?" I gritted. Then, to the civilian: "I'm in command here and I'll speak for the outfit. You're not kidding me. You're not an American. No countryman of ours is running loose in Germany. And I doubt my damnedest whether you have any connection with American newspapers. Over there by the latrine is a dead Russian. Go interview him."

Fat Mr. Armstrong said, with an ugly leer, "Do you want me to write that all the Americans are well and alive—excepting you, sergeant?"

"Meaning what? That you'll have a firing squad rub me out of it? Well, I'd rather be out there with the prisoners who have died here than have my mother and father read anything you'd write about me."

I wanted to say more, but he had heard enough. He waddled away with the photographer and officers.

"Some time you're going to invite the boches to shoot you and they'll take you up," Grimbsley said.

The moment we were inside the casern and hidden from view, I collared Shaylor.

"You're under arrest," I told him. "A couple of you fellows guard him. If he tries to escape choke him."

He wilted. "You can't arrest me."

"Oh, no?" I turned to three volunteer guards. "Throw him into a bunk and keep him there. Tonight, after lights are out, we'll try him."

It was near midnight when I convened court. Geoghegan, Lester, and I took the bench in the blind end of the dugout, lighting one of the candles issued to us by Breitmann for use when the electric lamps were out.

Shaylor tried to sneer, but only set his lips twitching.

"Prisoner," I said, "you are accused of the worst offense a soldier can commit. If you have anything to say, say it."

"I'm a corporal, if you *are* a sergeant," Shaylor protested. "You haven't authority to try me."

"You aren't a corporal any longer." I whipped out my Russian knife and cut the chevrons from his arm. The others, hidden by shadows, whispered fiercely: "Cut his heart out! Kill the God-damned traitor!"

I pressed the point of the knife against his throat.

"Give me a chance, for Christ's sake!" he begged. "Won't you let me talk before you murder me?"

"We're waiting to hear you."

Shaylor fell to his knees, sobbing. "I only wanted to live! I have a wife and two babies at home!"

"Anyone know if he's lying?"

"He's got a wife and kids," said an invisible witness.

"Is that all you have to say for yourself, prisoner? Would they want you to come back to them if you had to sell out your fellow soldiers to do it?"

He cried hoarsely: "Oh, God! Kill me!—get it over!"

I put up my knife and counseled with Geoghegan and Lester.

"Stand up, prisoner!"

They jerked him to his feet.

"It is the judgment of the court that you be fined your share of the Roumanian rations for two weeks, and that you be assigned to all working parties until the military commander sees fit to relieve you."

It was a severe sentence, though some of the men thought it far too light. He accepted it without complaint. Some weeks later he was to become one of my most trusted aids.

MEANWHILE, I organized an American Prisoners' Help Committee. I had to direct all matters relative to our relief, with Geoghegan and another engineer, Frank Upton, assisting. I had found a perfect co-worker in the New York Irishman. Along with college training which had given him a fair knowledge of German, Charley Geoghegan possessed courage that put me to shame.

Upton I burdened with the duty of keeping records and corresponding with the Red Cross. He wrote at once to the Berne office of the A. R. C., advising that we believed more American prisoners would soon arrive at Tuchel.

It was obvious that I would have to obtain a release from fatigue duty for my aids. With Geoghegan and Upton under my wings, I descended on the phlegmatic *Feldwebel* Breitmann and explained to him as best I could that my two comrades were in reality sergeants—Geoghegan a sergeant major and Upton a master sergeant.

I gave each a rank above the fictitious one I claimed as my own, hoping thus to make my story more convincing.

I thought we were getting by with it. But Breitmann grunted something, and Geoghegan translated: "He says he thinks the Germans have been lucky to capture three sergeants, when there are only eighteen prisoners."

When we left we had only a half-hearted promise that he would take up our complaint with headquarters.

I had a hunch. "We've got to make him think I recognize you as my superiors in rank. Whenever he's around I'll salute, stand at attention, and all that."

This scheme worked beautifully.

"See Tuchel and Become a Sergeant!" laughed Geoghegan.

A GRAPH of our condition would have shown a slow downward trend during the first two weeks of March. We had been on ersatz rations three and a half months. The frugal advance from the Roumanians was not helping us as much as I had expected.

Comparing bodies with the Russians, it seemed we had now reached a point beyond which there could be only death from exhaustion.

At morning assembly, when I looked over the men, it was my habit to predict that Red Cross provisions would be forthcoming in another week.

Eventually I had to cut the time to half a week, then to a day.

"Just one more day," I told them. "Let's hold out."

At last I began to hate my optimistic "One day." The men must have hated it even more, for they grimaced bitterly.

The morning of March 18, at the point in the proceedings where I had always spoken of relief, I choked. The men had screwed up their faces. When I waved dismissal without speaking, their expressions changed from distaste to despair.

Then two *Schildwachen* put their heads in the door and addressed me, speaking so rapidly that I caught only the word *Zeughaus*. But Geoghegan whooped. "He says there are boxes for us at the magazine! The Red Cross has sent us some food!"

The jubilee over these life-saving rations; the arrival at Tuchel of a big, noisy "nutty" Yankee noncom, and the ructions he raised; the subsequent arrival of two doughboys who had deserted to the enemy—these are high lights of next week's installment of Halyburton's story.

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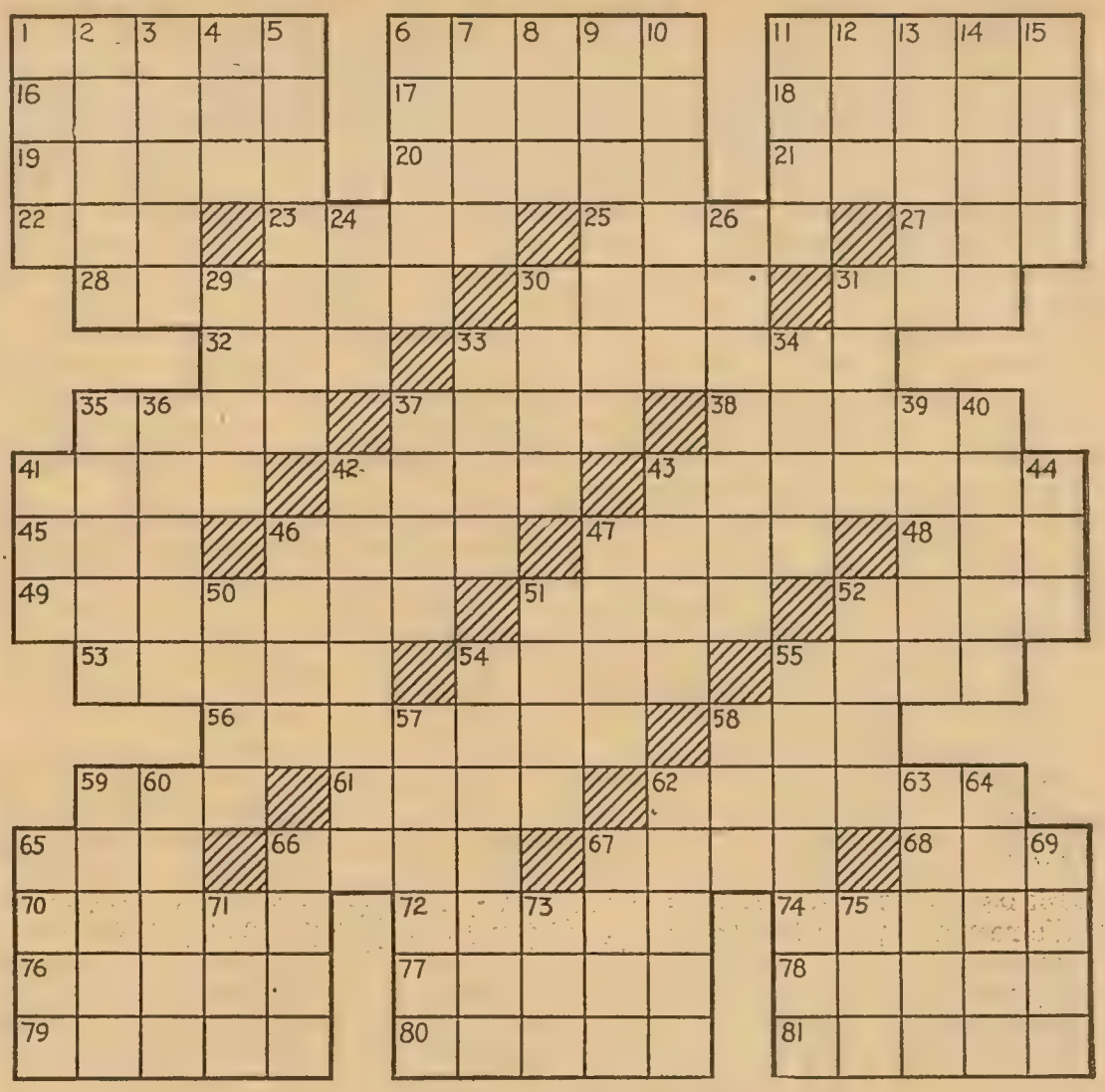
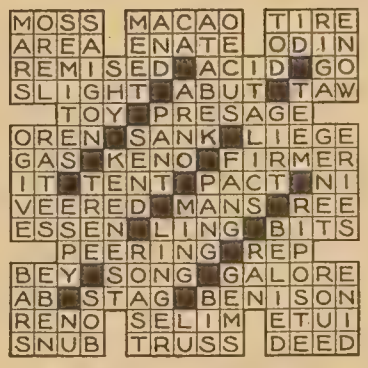


HORIZONTAL

1 Moves briskly
6 An inferior animal
11 To leave off
16 Boundary
17 Turner's machine
18 Ships' plating
19 Sultan's decree
20 A nymph
21 Goes in the van
22 Wooden pin
23 Black
25 Small glass bottle
27 Rested
28 Soaked through
30 Bitter strife
31 Beast of burden
32 Man's nickname
33 Husbandmen
35 Move slowly
37 Plant which grows on rocks
38 Boisterous
41 First in importance
42 Filth
43 Revolved
45 Point
46 A coin
47 Ornamental jar
48 Attention
49 One of the class including monkeys
51 A slender rod
52 Cautious
53 Declare
54 Inclosing frame or framework
55 Darkens
56 Bodice of a dress
58 To run wild
59 To cease to be
61 Portal
62 Gems carved in relief
65 Supply with a crew
66 Girl's nickname
67 Small bundle of hay
68 Energy
70 Endow
72 Lassoed
74 Avoid
76 A wading bird
77 Love deeply
78 Observed
79 Cracks
80 Man's name
81 A Scandinavian



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Inadvertent fault
2 Fags
3 A likeness
4 Quit
5 Soaked in a liquid
6 Kinship by descent
7 Acquire by labor
8 Devoured
9 Barbers
10 Boredom
11 A summons
12 Sooner than
13 Accumulate
14 Beverages
15 Heretofore
24 Couch
26 Full of glands
29 Short jacket formerly worn by women
30 To go hungry
31 A continent
33 A fortified location
34 Fixed course or routine
35 Mated couples, as of birds
36 Place a restriction on
37 To work stealthily or insidiously
39 Vapor
40 Measures of time
41 To plan in detail
42 Purge away, as foul matter
43 Curious
44 Not sweet, as wine
46 Roman philosopher
47 Clamping device
50 A spice
51 To maintain vigorously
52 Broad
54 A negative pole (electricity)
55 Moistens
57 Persian governor
58 An illuminant
59 An Italian poet
60 A domain of Great Britain
62 A fruit beverage
63 Egg-shaped
64 Took the part of
65 Come short of
66 Wagers
67 Part of to be
69 One of ancient Medea
71 Town in Germany
73 Cooking vessel
75 Oath

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Good Conjure

A Short Short Story

By HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 2 seconds.)

"I WON'T even listen to you, John. It's entirely up to me, and I happen to love her. Donnie adores her."

This was Nancy informing her husband that she wouldn't consider dismissing old Aunt Dee, baby Don's black nurse.

Then, appalled, Nancy watched an expression she knew creep over John's face—his pig-headed look.

"I know darned well you love her, honey. I'll swear she throws a spell over you. You seem to be amused by her jungle ways."

"John! What do you *mean?*"

"Well, if it comes to that, what do *you* mean? The other day, for instance, you said: 'She's always carrying off the old bones of things to her room, like an animal to its lair.' And then you laughed and wouldn't go on."

"Darling! Not bones literally. All quite harmless, and very pathetic."

"Well, what, exactly? I mean exactly."

"Oh, just a lot of leaky tin pans, cracked washboards, old flatirons, old hats. Just anything."

John said: "It's not sanitary. Why do you let her clutter up her room like that? Make her dump it out."

"Crude, John. Very crude. Her room is *her* room." Then, a little tremulously: "I did suggest that she have a kind of spring clearance, and she stared at me—horrified. You see, she believes if you throw away usable things the devil comes along and grabs what you've got left."

"There! Rank superstition! That's the sort of thing I mean. I don't want to frighten you, honey, but you've got to realize that these times aren't so safe for the children of people in our position, especially in the suburbs. We've got to snap out of the Dark Ages and get a younger nurse. Deindy is slated to go. You must see that." Nancy didn't see it. With a cry she rushed into a fierce defense.

It happened that, at the exact moment on this Sunday afternoon when Nancy was uttering an impassioned "*No!*" Aunt Deindy, sitting on a park bench, launched into an expansive account of the Heath family's sleeping arrangements.

This to an exceedingly personable young man who happened to drop down beside her and quite languidly open, and thereafter direct a conversation.

"Yes, suh; me an' dat baby yonder, we sleeps away from his pa an' his ma, so we don't bother nobody. I'm de onliest pussen ever teches him in de night. I teches him if anybody teches him; but don't nobody tech him, kase he don't wake up. He's de sleepin'est chile I ever laid eyes on! He don't never turn over. Wid him in de little bed, an' me in de big bed, de springs don't never squeak. No, suh. Ef we was a pair o' griddle cakes fryin', one side 'u'd be plum' raw."

The young man laughed dreamily.

He lit a cigarette. "I bet you don't leave the window open," he stated.

"Yes, suh, I does. Ef I had my way I'd push her up jes a leedle crack. But Miss Nancy she say, 'Fling her wide'; so I sets her open like a chicken wid de gapes. But I ain't satisfied. When she goes out I puts a good conjure acrost it."

The young man removed his cigarette. He flicked the ash away with a surprisingly quick, deft finger for one so inert.

"I believe in conjure," he drawled. "What's yours?"

"Does you, suh?" Deindy inquired. With grave eyes above an unsmiling mouth she regarded him.

"Dis here conjure," she said, "is a corset string wid a didy hangin' on it. Dat gwine keep us safe!"

Abruptly the young man coughed. Threw his cigarette away. "Smoke hurt my throat," he explained. He took out a jeweled watch, exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, and left.

An agile young man was climbing this ladder. Within, the members of the household were sleeping.

At fifteen minutes past three of the morning of the next day the faithful night watchman who guarded the possessions and the persons of the Heath family lay under a low thick bush, bound and gagged.

A ladder stood against a wall of the Heath house, its top rung just below a window across which hung a diaper stretched on a string.

An agile young man was climbing this ladder, an open penknife in his hand.

Within, the members of the household were sleeping soundly at last—John and Nancy exhausted after their first serious quarrel. There was no dog in the house.

SUDDENLY the silence shattered into bedlam. First, a terrific crash. Next, a deep-throated yell from Deindy. High shrieks from the baby. Echoing scream on scream from Nancy.

The agile young man half fell down the ladder. John tore into the nursery, a pistol in his hand.

Deindy cried: "The windah!"

Shots cracked from John's pistol.

"Did you hit him, suh?"

"God help me—yes!"

The young man, flung flat on the grass, lay still. John, kneeling, leaned over the window sill, staring down.

Aunt Dee rocked little Don in her comforting arms.

Nancy looked for the source of the din that had wakened them. What she found was a crumpled diaper and a severed corset string.

The string had clearly crossed the open window and passed through small stout screw rings, secured in the casement on each side. The string had not been tied to the rings, but was held in place by the weight of two heavy flatirons attached to its long ends below the window level. So, when it was cut near the diaper, the irons had crashed down. They struck two inverted tin pans, which now stood on the floor, their bottoms dented inward. Sobbing, Nancy dropped to her knees beside John. Deindy crooned to the baby as she rocked: "Dat sho' is good conjure, ef you heah me."

THE END

Liberty offers $100 to $500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Now Come the

Hollywood Turns to the Broadway Bogy
Italian War Picture; and

Ricardo Cortez and Helen Twelvetrees in Is My Face Red?—or should it be arms?

Luis Trenker in a beautifully photographed war melodrama, The Doomed Battalion.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

By FREDERICK

THE cycle of newspaper columnist dramas is upon us. In their quest for movie novelty, the Hollywood producers hit upon making heroes of the gossiping columnists, and the Hollywood boys have merely written melodramatic yarns around the Broadway bogy man who sees all, knows all, tells all.

My spies report that none of these films are drawing more than mildly. The great American public has not responded with any consuming interest in the heartbreaks behind the gathering of first information on bassinet purchasers, the rise and ebb of sentimental dalliances, and the important inconsequentials of Broadway. In fact, the public always has been lukewarm to newspaper dramas, anyway.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ IS MY FACE RED?

CAST

Peggy Bannon	Helen Twelvetrees
William Poster	Ricardo Cortez
Mildred Huntington	Jill Esmond
Ed Maloney	Robert Armstrong
Bee	Arline Judge
Telephone Operator	Zasu Pitts
Tony Mugatti	Sidney Toler
Horace	Clarence Muse
Angelo Spinello	Fletcher Norton

Directed by William Seiter.
Produced by RKO-Radio.

The straightaway story of a newspaper columnist, minus any hysterics for or against the new art of keyhole peeping.

William Poster (who refers to himself as Mrs. Poster's little boy, William) writes a column that is the talk of the town. He enjoys privileges (walking back stage at the Follies) and menaces (a sinister speakeasy Sicilian hunts him for printing the truth about a killing) beyond the aspirations of the usual newspaper man. He has lived in a happy but unholy state of domesticity with a Follies darling for five years, but he loses his head over a rich and reckless deb, announces his new romance in his column along with secrets about the rich girl's friends—and loses both sweethearts.

Ricardo Cortez makes the cheating, drinking, double-crossing, vainglorious dirt digger into a likable chap. His Poster isn't just a ruthless fellow who prints everything he hears about everybody, including himself. He is deeper than that, for he makes you feel that, from within, Poster views himself with sad eyes.

Helen Twelvetrees reveals further improvement as the Follies sweetheart, and Arline Judge is cute as Poster's hard-boiled secretary, while Robert Armstrong does a neat portrait of a hard-drinking reporter who despises gossips, and Sidney Toler contributes a rich and vivid bit as the speakeasy killer.

Fast moving, neatly acted. If you are at all interested in columnists, you will like Is My Face Red?

★ ★ ½ THE DOOMED BATTALION

CAST

Maria	Tala Birell
Florian	Luis Trenker
Arthur	Victor Varconi
Captain Kessler	Albert Conti
Austrian General	Gustav von Seyffertitz
Italian General	C. Henry Gordon
Innerhofer	Gibson Gowland
Angelo	Henry Armetta

Directed by Cyril Gardner.
Produced by Universal.

The Hollywood movie makers have taken exteriors filmed in the Austrian Alps, dovetailed the action with interiors made in the movie capital, and developed a slow-moving but beautifully photographed melodrama of the Austro-Italian campaign of the World War.

Austrian and Italian friends find themselves facing each other. One commands a single battalion of Austrian Alpinists, intrenched on a mountain side in a way to block the whole Italian army. From the heights he can look down upon his own house, where Italian officers are billeted.

Columnists

Man for Two New Films; An Austro-Another Murder Mystery

Joan Blondell on a creaky stairs at midnight in Miss Pinkerton.

AMES SMITH

Love Is a Racket, with Lee Tracy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ann Dvorak among the racketeers.

The Italians begin tunneling into the mountain, and it is only a matter of time when the Alpinists will be blown to bits and the way cleared for the Italian advance.

This building of suspense is not entirely successful. The acting is fair, but you will find high interest in the superb photography of genuine scenes in the Austrian Tyrol. These possess dazzling beauty.

★ ★ LOVE IS A RACKET

CAST

Jimmy.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Sally.....Ann Dvorak
Mary.....Frances Dee
Stanley Fiske.....Lee Tracy
Shaw.....Lysle Talbot
Max Boncour.....André Luguet
Burney.....Warren Hymer
Ollie.....William Burress

Directed by William A. Wellman.
Produced by First National.

Another columnist yarn, relating of Jim Russell, who writes Up and Down Broadway for the Globe, and his adventures with milk racketeers. Finally Jim has a lifeless body (the remains of a careless racketeer) on his hands, along with the problem of disposing of it without attracting the interest of the police. Jim pushes the corpse from a penthouse, turning the murder into an apparent suicide.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., plays Jim Russell with buoyancy and vigor. Even so, some of the flipness of dialogue comes through as labored writing. Lee Tracy does well as another of those alcoholic reporters.

The trouble with this melodrama is that it utilizes all the familiar ingredients of newspaper drama: cut rye, golden hearts beneath cynical exteriors, wise cracks, gin. These items constitute journalism as Hollywood sees it.

★ ★ MISS PINKERTON

CAST

Miss Adams ("Miss Pinkerton") Joan Blondell
Patten.....George Brent
Second Nurse.....Mae Madison
Hugo.....John Wray
Paula Brent.....Ruth Hall
Herbert Wynne.....Allan Lane
Dr. Stewart.....C. Henry Gordon
Charles Elliott.....Donald Dillaway

Directed by Lloyd Bacon.
Produced by First National.

Joan Blondell's first starring vehicle, in which she plays a brash, efficient young nurse enlisted by the police to aid in the solution of a murder. She moves into the house of mystery and things begin to happen. The place is the usual sinister house of crime, with great grotesque shadows, evil-looking servants who turn out to be innocent old retainers, muffled figures darting up and down creaky stairs at midnight, hands reaching out of shadows to grasp the nearest available throat.

Unfortunately for this comedy melodrama, the murder possesses little interest to the audience, and the subsequent solution is just so much film footage. Miss Blondell is pleasantly amusing as the nervy nurse, and the rest of the cast is adequate.

Do you know that—

Grace Perkins' new novel, No More Orchids, now appearing in Liberty, is to be filmed by Columbia?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky.

The TREK

Some Heartening Information

By

MARY NOBLE

Pictures by HUBBELL REED

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds.)

"HOW can I get on a farm?"

Thousands of letters have come to Mary Noble and to Liberty asking this question. And the majority are from people living in our large cities.

Here is one from Lexington Avenue, New York:

DEAR MARY NOBLE:

Having read your article, Can the Small Farm Pay? may I say a few words? . . . Many of us who live in the city are drudging along, hoping to save money enough one day to have a farm in the country. . . .

Why doesn't our government, who is helping the banks and all the nations across the big pond, do something for us? It would be easy. . . . I saved for years and years, but sickness and death in my family took it all and more. It takes every cent now to keep us with shelter and food, and I know if I was on a farm I could raise all the food and still save a little. It's hard work, of course. A farm is no place for a chair-warmer or for one who wants to take things easy. . . . How can I get on a farm? . . .

Here is a letter from a high-class hotel in Chicago:

DEAR MISS NOBLE:

My wife and I were delighted to read your article about the small farm. My wife is 25 and I am 31. We have a little boy of two. . . . Hard work don't mean a thing to us, if we can get on a farm. How can we get on a farm?

From Pasadena, California, a young couple writes:

DEAR MARY NOBLE:

. . . We have been married five years and own a small city home, but the mortgage is due and there is nothing to meet it. . . . We do not mind work. . . . Please, please help us. He is 36 and I am 31. What can we do to trade our equity and get on a farm? . . .

"How can I get on a farm?"

I wish I knew the answer. I wish it were simple and direct. I wish we had a Character Land Company with unlimited resources that could assign a farm to any individual whose only asset is character. I believe it would be a paying proposition. There are countless millions of acres uncultivated or abandoned in our country. There are thousands of people who long to get a farm.

These two great forces could be brought together by a Character Land Company sponsored by our government operating through the already organized machinery without extra cost, or by philanthropic millionaires.

"60,000 FARMS FORECLOSED IN ONE DAY."

It doesn't seem possible when one reads it, but it is the truth. This happened in the State of Mississippi on

to the FARM

for Those Who Want to Go Back to the Land

"How can I get on a farm?" ask thousands. And the majority are people living in our large cities.

the fifth day of April. Seven million acres of the state's farm lands foreclosed for taxes!

Thousands of Mississippi citizens were bereft of their lands and homes and made destitute, as the state took this desperate measure. Seven million acres embraces one-fourth of the total area of the state.

These 60,000 farms are already settled with people who have owned them and who long to be able to hold them. If they stay now, they will be tenants and not owners, and there is a profound psychological difference.

The idea of a great Back-to-the-Land Movement, suggested and so strongly and ably expounded by Bernarr Macfadden, seems the only real hope—the one ray of sunshine that is destined to lighten the burden and cheer the lives of the needy in our larger cities and to help solve our unemployment problems. Pending legislative bills to get the poor to the farms assuredly will help a great number and the results will be permanent.

But think of 60,000 families in one state who are already located and happy in their homes, and yet they cannot hold their farms! To be sure, two years are given by the state to these families in which to meet the back taxes and redeem their property; but I am told that not one in a hundred will be able to make the grade. And I happen to know that the same conditions prevail in other Southern states.

I TALKED with Dr. Croxton in Washington. Dr. Croxton is connected with President Hoover's Organization on Unemployment Relief. He is very close to the President on this subject.

The first question asked Dr. Croxton was:

"Just what is the unemployment situation now? Is it better or worse?"

"Taking everything into consideration," he replied, "it seems a little better. Several things have contributed to this: the mild winter, the spirit of helpfulness and co-operation that has manifested itself everywhere; in the rural sections, in villages, in towns and cities, there has been a sympathetic attitude of wanting to relieve and help and share with the unfortunate. Then the gardens and the fruits that were canned last summer, in a bountiful season. Bills for legislation are now being considered to relieve the small home owner and the small farmer."

SUBSISTENCE gardens have played an increasingly important part in local relief work throughout the country. Enormous amounts of products have been grown by the unemployed and low-income groups.

President Hoover's Organization on Unemployment Relief has encouraged in every way these subsistence gardens. Not only is gardening a means of supplying adequate food at low cost, but it helps to preserve the self-reliance and self-support of the family.

Subsistence gardens are classified into five groups:

1. Private plots and back-yard gardens.
2. Vacant-lot gardens.
3. Community plot divided into individual gardens.
4. Industrial gardens, to provide for part-time or temporarily unemployed workers.
5. Community gardens, where the workers are paid in food or other necessities.

During the past year five industrial states, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia, have promoted an intensive demonstration of a plan for subsistence gardening especially in connection with industrial employment.

A trained garden man, acquainted with industrial problems, has been in charge of the activities in each of these five states. This supervisor is a staff member of the agricultural extension service of the state. The project in each state was financed by private funds. The detailed reports, which are illuminating, have been published in a pamphlet that was prepared for the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fruits that were canned in a bountiful season are helping.

[THE TREK TO THE FARM
Continued from page forty-five]

From Arkansas comes the story of Ed Mason, who owns and lives on a rough forty acres, four miles north of Bentonville. Mr. Mason is a semi-invalid. Most of the work was done by two of his children.

For the winter they canned 125 gallons of peaches, 20 gallons of huckleberries, 26 gallons of strawberries, 15 gallons of blackberries, 6 gallons of quinces, 20 gallons of apple butter, 5 gallons of pickles in brine, 10 gallons of pickles in vinegar, 20 gallons of sauerkraut, 30 gallons of sorghum molasses, 10 gallons of different kinds of jellies, 5 gallons of gooseberries, and 5 gallons of rhubarb.

All of these were grown on the place.

Also they grew corn on seven acres and had 270 bushels in the crib. They had three acres of strawberries for next year. They had 20 tons of cane hay, pea hay, and other hay in stack, 60 bushels of turnips, 20 bushels of white potatoes, 8 bushels of sweet potatoes, 6 bushels of onions, 2 bushels of dried navy beans, 3 bushels of dried cow peas; 3 hogs that weigh about 300 pounds each, 7 cows, and 50 laying hens.

Mr. Mason sold over $100 worth of strawberries, and 20,000 plants at $2 a thousand; $10 worth of huckleberries, $8 worth of blackberries, $94.35 worth of green beans; 20 bushels of walnuts and hickory nuts.

These figures were given out by David Compton, county and probate judge at Bentonville, Arkansas.

What a record! What man has done, man can do!

DR. ELWOOD MEAD of the Bureau of Reclamation in Washington, operating through the Department of the Interior, is now presenting opportunities for farm owners. For instance, there is the Willwood division in Wyoming.

Willwood is a new division in the Shoshone project in northwestern Wyoming. Powell is the principal town, a modern Western town with a population of 1,500, supplied with electric light and natural gas.

The project embraces the Garland, Frannie, and Willwood divisions, having a combined irrigable area of approximately 70,000 acres. The Garland and Frannie divisions have been under irrigation for some years. Irrigation works have been completed to irrigate about 12,000 acres of the Willwood division. Water can be delivered directly to each farm.

WITH the exception of a few tracts, all of the Willwood division is public land. Additional public land will be opened from time to time as required by settlers.

The Department of the Interior, through Commissioner Dr. Mead, has issued a booklet giving detailed instructions as to how to secure one of these farms.

An applicant must be a qualified homestead entryman. He must have at least $2,000 in cash or the equivalent in live stock, farming equipment, or other useful assets, must have had at least two years' actual farming experience, and must furnish further evidence of character and industry.

For the first ninety days after public notice is issued making land available for entry, the examining board will pass only upon applications filed by those who served in the war with Germany. After the ninety-day period the examining board will consider applications filed by others. Applications for such of the farms as remain untaken may be made and will be acted upon by the examining board as soon as the applicants have inspected the land and appeared before the board, as they are required to do.

About seven miles from Powell are located lignite mines, where coal can be purchased for five dollars a ton. Building materials are cheap. The materials for a small home will cost a little less than $500.

From Spokane, Washington, there comes a report of active demands for farm tracts. Inquiries by mail are being received in increasing number. Many sales have been made, ranging in price from $500 to $5,000.

The report further says that the farm-settlement movement was given marked impetus during 1931. Twenty-five hundred families have moved on to farm tracts. In

Stevens County alone, 500 families have settled on farms as a relief from the depression.

In North Carolina, Dr. Poe, editor of the Progressive Farmer, declares fine farm tracts in the eastern part of the state can now be acquired at "bargain-counter prices."

"Give your children and your grandchildren a chance by buying now," he advises.

In Kentucky the Red Cross, largely through Mrs. Sheridan Connelly, has placed many hundreds of families on farms. In 1910, the "Hell-fer-Sartin Creek" district was almost abandoned. Now the people are returning. In Knott County all the vacant cabins are filling up. In Perry County 150 families have gone back. In Lincoln County an equal number have. In Pulaski County 250 families have come from outside cities and from the local mines.

So it goes! All over our country there is a mighty impetus, a great trek to the farms!

Governor Roosevelt of New York, as we all know, has been particularly active, and with a definite and highly successful program.

On March 23 the Associated Press carried a short item from Minneapolis, Minnesota: "A vast community farming project was being considered today as a solution for the unemployment problem.

"Under it some 200 selected families now unable to care for themselves would colonize a coöperative farm of 20,000 acres."

MOTORING recently through eastern North Carolina toward Wilmington I found myself unaccountably off the main highway and still on a fine concrete road.

It was past noon, and an attractive sign, "Blue Moon Tearoom," swinging from a tree by the roadside, was inviting. I drove up a lane to a long, low, white-painted cottage that nestled in a grove.

The hostess—a tall, slender, youngish woman with white hair and clear-blue intelligent eyes—appeared. Could I have lunch?

Her smile was welcoming.

"Certainly. Chicken and waffles?"

"Sounds good enough," I laughed.

While I was waiting I strolled around the house. I inspected a kitchen garden in the rear. There was a chicken run and chicken houses; a barn with two cows and a mule. At one side of the house were a peach orchard and several cherry and apple trees.

While I was eating the delicious lunch I contrived to engage the hostess in conversation.

"My home was in Chicago," she said. "We had six children—"

"You have six children!"

"Yes. They are at school now."

"Where do they go to school—here?"

"ONLY a mile down the lane is the county district school. It's high school, grammar school, and kindergarten all in one."

"You are not lonely?"

"Never! There's always so much to do that is interesting."

"You have no man about the place?"

"I've two hired colored boys, the sons of my cook. My husband is dead." Her voice trailed.

"Oh!"

"He was killed in an automobile accident—in Chicago. My baby was one year old—the others ranged two years apart; the oldest boy was eleven. There was not much money. My roommate at college—"

"What college?"

"I'm a Wellesley girl. My roommate was from Wilmington, North Carolina. Through her I heard of this little place. I had enough cash to buy it outright and to move my children here. I've never regretted it for a moment—never!"

"Wouldn't it be better to be on the main highway?"

"Perhaps. But those places are much more expensive. I've lived here six years, and I do not owe a dollar to anybody."

I've told this story to show what one determined mother accomplished.

What woman has done, woman can do.

There are productive farms enough in our country today on which to settle everybody who wants a farm. It can be done through simple legislation that will not increase governmental machinery and expense.

It will go far toward solving unemployment problems.

Then the question, "How can I get on a farm?" will be changed to an application to the Department of Labor: "Place me on a farm."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

A Good Reason

Fred was very selfish about lending his new rocking-horse. His mother told him if he didn't let Betty, his little visitor, ride it she would take it away.

"Mother, I would let her ride; but, honestly, he runs away when girls get on him."—Mrs. Carl Burrell, 28 Bernice Ave., Brockton, Mass.

Singing Clock

The clock sounded its customary "click" five minutes before the hour. My little girl looked up from her picture book.

"Hear the clock, mother," she said. "It's clearing its throat before it strikes."—Mrs. B. E. Cook, 327 Milton St., Fall River, Mass.

FOOT ITCH

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent On Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us $1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED: Write for proposition

GORE PRODUCTS, INC., L
823 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Vox

About a Great Soldier's Bold Words

KANSAS CITY, MO.—You can always rely on General William Mitchell to write fearlessly. His specialty, nowadays, seems to be letting cats out of bags. His latest article in Liberty, "Will Japan Try to Conquer the United States?" was a humdinger—red hot, I'll say.

To watch him light into our "obsolete navy based on battleships" was a

treat, and to read his words about Japanese preparedness and warlike preparations was a revelation.

Yes, sir. Just to watch Mitchell kick the battleship into the wastebasket was an adequate return for the nickel I spent for Liberty.—*Male Mitchell Admirer.*

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—What General Mitchell said about the lack of coördination between our army and navy and his remarks about the obsoleteness of our air force is, no doubt, true, and something should be done to correct it.

But I think he exaggerates the danger of this nation being attacked by Japan and what Japan might be able to do to us.

The airplane has not yet been developed to the stage where any great number could successfully fly from their base to this country, even though they were to take possession of Hawaii; neither would it be feasible for them to try to reach us by way of Alaska.—*F. H. Littrell.*

Hollywood: Sinning or Sinned Against?

ASTORIA, ORE.—I have never taken more pleasure in reading and criticism than I did in "The Real Sins of Hollywood," by Theodore Dreiser, and the answer, "Is Hollywood More Sinned Against than Sinning?" by Fulton Oursler.

Both carry the mark of sincerity and both write like gentlemen.

It has been almost impossible for me to read attack and answer in literature anywhere without finding the little stinger that had to be pulled out before you could say that the writers were honest and devoid of unfair or unsportsmanlike prejudice.

I believe that Dreiser is right. I am sure that Oursler is right. If these articles were read by movie fans generally and given just a little thought it might lead to a better interpretation of the moving-picture business, a better understanding of the art and its problems.

This would be a better world if we had more attacks and answers of the clean and sportsmanlike character of Dreiser's and Oursler's.—*Leon Willet Hyde, M. D.*

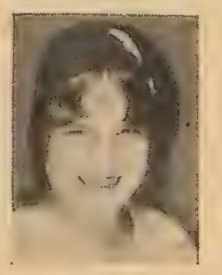
Aren't You Thinking of the Yale Bowl?

SEATTLE, WASH.—If all the good issues of Liberty were placed in a goldfish bowl the goldfish would still have plenty of room.—*Lew Morrison.*

You Can Devour It to the Last Word, and Still Keep Your Figure

HOUSTON, TEX.—Why not give us shorter stories?

I am a stenographer and, between letters, I read Liberty. When the boss turns his back for a second, I grab my Liberty and read a few lines. And if the story is very long it takes me all day to finish it at this rate.



Ruth G. Jones

I think Liberty is a fine magazine and is getting better every day. I await it each week like a hungry man does food. And when it arrives—I grab it!

Keep up the good work, editors!—*Ruth G. Jones.*

Politeness Pads the Pocket

CHICAGO, ILL.—In her article in Liberty for June 18, "Who Are the Ten Best Mannered Men in America?" Mrs. J. Borden Harriman showed conclusively that the dividends in health, wealth, and happiness returned by courteousness and good manners know no seasonal depression.

Note that the men and women Mrs. Harriman mentioned were all successes in their various undertakings. Can't more of us use this stepping-stone to progress?—*Vincent Hokanson.*

You Said It

ALBANY, GA.—Notice in Vox Pop that some of these nickel squeezers are always kicking about the value and price of Liberty.

They're the type of guy that will give the baby a penny, then steal it from him—and spank him next morning for losing it!—*G. Davis.*

Uh-huh

ROCKFORD, ILL.—You call Liberty a magazine? Well, have it your own way. —*J. H. Crowder.*

This Ought to Shame the Pants Off 'Em, Howard

NEW YORK, N. Y.—i am nine years old and i read liberty somtimes and why is it nerely all the girls picturs in Liberty ware pants. Most all the crasie girls whare i live ware pants. My big sister and my aunt evan ware them in bed they walk arround the house in them they ougt to be ashamed. i think thay ought to leave we men folks ware the pants.

My ma wares a nigt dress and she looks nise. In my books the girls dont ware pants thay ware nise long dresses and the hero marries them and there the bosses daugter.

So please mister editer i dont want any more girls with pants but nise long dresses please and things like them.—*Howard Jones.*

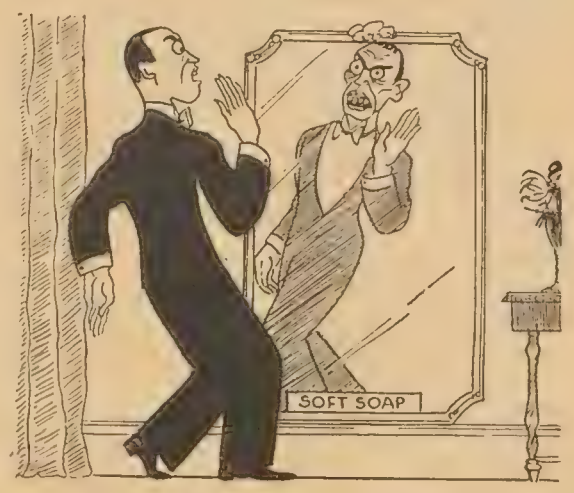
And if the Dog Could Read It He'd Forget His Fleas

CHICAGO, ILL.—Can Bert Green sling the language around? I'll say he can scramble the King's English, and make you like it.

"Diana's Diary" has surely given me more grins than there are fleas on a mongrel dog—and I don't grin easy.—*F. Johnson.*

The Soft Soaper Gets Soap in His Eyes

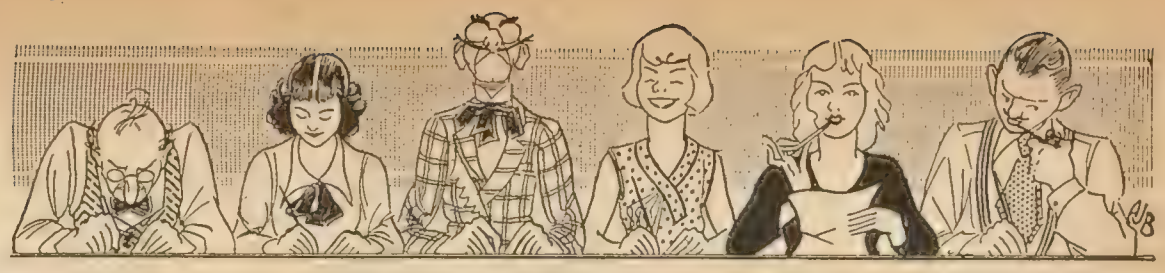
STATESVILLE, N. C.—Here's hoping Frank O. Hough's story, "Soft Soap," jolted a lot of business dissemblers out of their complacence, and punctured



every inflated ego now crowding the U. S. A. It was a great little story—done in whimsical, captivating style, and yet it involved one of the most important problems with which the ethics of today is concerned: the debunking of those professional "glad handers" who hide their bullying proclivities behind a mask of fake good will. In other words, it was a little sermon on counterfeit unselfishness.

Nothing gives one such a jounce as the beholding of himself in a mirror, besmeared with blemishes of which he had hitherto been unconscious. "Soft Soap" was a fine remedy for them.—*Ann Webb.*

Pop

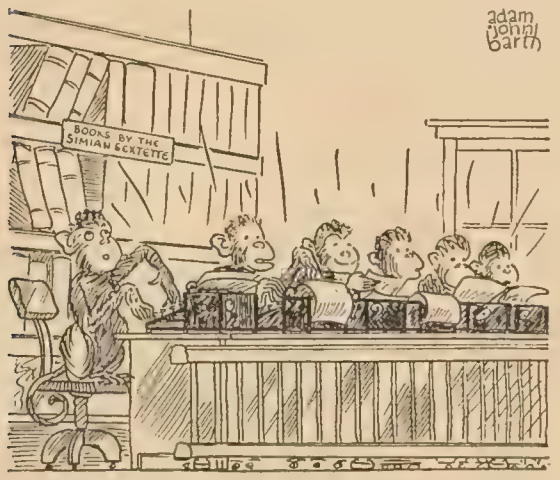


The Invincible Buy and Try System

HANFORD, CALIF.—The Oakland, California, Vox Popper who signed himself "Idiot or Optimist" is correct to a certain extent when he says the law of averages may enable him to win a Liberty contest prize.

It was, I think, Huxley who said that six monkeys, set to strum unintelligently on typewriters for billions upon billions of years, would be bound in time, by the blind play of chance, to write all the books in the British Museum.

Therefore, if Liberty lasts long enough, and contest judges' mentality



fluctuates as is most certainly probable, any one contestant who sticks it out is practically bound to win some sort of prize. In the eight years that I have sent entries to Liberty I've not even received honorable mention, but I'm not discouraged.

Like the monkey, I'll continue to strum on my typewriter until by the blind law of chance I'll hit upon some happy solution.

I'll keep buying and trying.—*Ned Morrison.*

Tut, Tut, Tut

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Liberty's a live-wire mag. But I'd like to see an article telling the truth about modern women. How they are undermining civilization with their smoking, taking men's jobs, acquiring masculine modes of dressing and habits, running for public office, etc.

Karl von Ei

A constitutional amendment just as detrimental as the ever unpopular Eighteenth is the abominable Nineteenth. Along with the repealing of the Eighteenth we should repeal the Nineteenth.

They're doing it in Mexico.—*Karl von Ei.*

No Froth on Us, Though

MOBILE, ALA.—Liberty will never have a five-cent rival—unless it's a cold glass of beer.—*Walter.*

The Sex Bogy

HARRISBURG, PA.—"With small men no great thing can really be accomplished." That saying goes for the women, too. Margaret Douglas Winn is a good example of a woman who is *not* a "small" woman. In the fine article, "This Business of Sex Instruction," in Liberty for June 25, she muscled right into her subject, and tore off all signs of the prude.

B. S. Nelson

That article was thirty cents' worth for a nickel—and more.—*B. S. Nelson.*

ST. BONIFACE, MAN., CAN.—I read "This Business of Sex Instruction," by Margaret Douglas Winn. God bless the woman, say I! We boast in these days of our modernity. If there is any value in such a boast, then for pity's sake let us be modern.

The old idea of hiding truth on a subject so natural, so simple, so beautiful as the laws governing propagation should be swept out, along with other fossilized beliefs.

On a rock-strewn pathway we make better progress under a strong light than by blundering in darkness.—*W. O. Newell.*

Back to the Land: Attack—

BANTAM, CONN.—I notice that the back-to-the-land movement is still going strong. It is a splendid idea—for those who want to shift the responsibility that is rightfully theirs. In good times the barons of big business receive the workingman with open arms and pay him wages that the farmer, with his small profits, cannot compete with.

In times like the present what happens? Instead of caring for the faithful employees that helped them make their millions, these so-called captains of industry turn these unfortunate men loose and tell them to scram—back to the land, to compete with the farmer who is having all he can do to keep his head above water.

And you can't tell me that any such movement, resulting in increased farm production, wouldn't mean competition for the farmer.—*An Average Farmer.*

—and Defense

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Constructive suggestions for remedying the unemployment situation are so rare that when one comes along it seems almost miraculous. Such a constructive suggestion is your back-to-the-farm idea, Mr. Editor.

You can no more make the jobless permanently self-supporting with city relief agencies than you can make a sharpened pencil stand on its point, unsupported.—*J. Wilkins.*

The Great God Gold

VANCOUVER, B. C., CAN.—Stroke the rabbit soothingly, to make it feel at ease, then quickly break its neck. That is said to be the scientific way to slaughter rabbits for table use—at least a part of the method.

Your editorial in a recent issue of Liberty, "The Money God—We Worship at Its Shrine," while good in spots, reminds me that millions of bunnies might at least have died fighting had they been less credulous.

Why? Because the attitude you advocate—of seeking contentment apart from money—induces ignoble submission to the soporific suggestions of the money-grabbing ghouls who seek to fatten themselves upon the carcasses of their victims.—*W. D. Scott.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have read "The Money God—We Worship at Its Shrine" several times and now wish to tell you that I consider it one of the very best editorials I have ever read in any magazine, by any writer, and the best editorial I have ever read in Liberty. I hope that it will take deep root in the hearts and minds of everyone who reads Liberty.

It has left a very deep impression on me.

While money is essential in our daily life, happiness and peace of mind and consideration for our own souls and the souls of others are more important.—*Chas. L. Tweed.*

Why a Pelican?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have been reading your magazine fairly regularly for two years and have had only one fault to find with Liberty. The fault is that your reviews of the pictures are rotten.

I have never seen a poorer movie than "It's Tough to Be Famous," yet you put

this one in the same class with "The Wet Parade," which was really a good film.

I think you could do as well in your reviews by letting a pelican pick your star choices from a hat.

From a disgusted movie-goer.—*Peter.*

LIMERICK LAST LINES

CASH PRIZES $500 *CASH PRIZES*

Your Chance to Win Is Excellent

BELOW is another unfinished Limerick. Liberty will pay $500 in sixty-eight cash prizes for the best last lines completing it and submitted in accordance with the brief rules. Get into the game! Your chance to get into the money is excellent. The prizes must be paid to sixty-eight winners. It's up to you. You can't win unless you enter! If you are a radio fan you undoubtedly have ideas about Joe. He's typical of the crooning fraternity—even if his name isn't really Joe.

Here's a chance to go on record regarding him. There are plenty of words that rhyme with the first two lines of the Limerick. Think them over. Consider the fan letters Joe received. Perhaps you've written one yourself. Was it loaded with malice? Or did it carry the spirit of deep appreciation? But here! We've nearly written the last line for you, and, after all, that's your job.

The rules tell how, when, and where to send your entry. You can't win unless you enter!

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $100 will be paid; for the next best, $50; for the third best, $25; and for the next sixty-five, $5 each. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

HERE IS THE LIMERICK

A microphone crooner was Joe,
Who smiled as he sang sweet and low.
But was his face red
When the " fan " letters said—

. . . . . .

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below.

. . . . . .

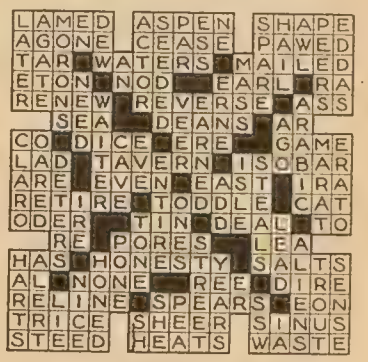
All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 23. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 10.

JUNE 4 CROSS WORD AWARDS

$100 FIRST PRIZE
LIEUT. EDWARD C. PARRY
Brooklyn, N. Y.

$50 SECOND PRIZE
R. F. TAYLOR
Dallas, Tex.

$25 THIRD PRIZE
MRS. W. J. CRANE
Lake Bluff, Ill.



THE SOLUTION

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Ruth M. Allison, Grand Rapids, Mich.; I. J. Axe, Phoenix, Ariz.; Albert Austin, Mount Horeb, Wis.; Mrs. M. D. Angle, Houston, Tex.; Dorothy Acre, Detroit, Mich.; Charles T. Alford, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. E. Brough, Fort Atkinson, Wis.; Frank C. Bunting, Wilmington, N. C.; Marjorie F. Bates, Oshkosh, Wis.; Henry Bruno, Chicago, Ill.; Thomas H. Black, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. August Baetzhold, Buffalo, N. Y.; C. A. Bauer, New Orleans, La.; Paul A. Beighley, Butler, Pa.; Mrs. Oliver S. Cantrell, San Francisco, Calif.; Elizabeth Curl, Paris, Ill.; Marjorie Dinsmore, Marysville, Calif.

Charles B. Daggett, Inglewood, Calif.; Albert Devitt, Buffalo, N. Y.; Horace S. Easton, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. E. F. Erftenbeck, Milwaukee, Wis.; Winifred C. Earle, Birmingham, Ala.; William M. Faux, Springfield, Mo.; A. M. Farrington, Detroit, Mich.; Mary A. Hurley, Bay City, Mich.; J. C. Harris, Los Angeles, Calif.; Carl G. Hodges, Quincy, Ill.; Warren C. Hayes, Denver, Colo.; Warren Heath, Fortress Monroe, Va.; Lee Hamilton, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Inez F. Hartson, Lakeville, N. Y.; James G. Jessie, Long Beach, Calif.; L. M. Johnson, Clarksburg, W. Va.; Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.

Maurice Keefe, Black River Falls, Wis.; Leland Lee, San José, Costa Rica; H. W. Lawrance, Chicago, Ill.; Olaf Lee, Albert Lea, Minn.; James J. Murphy, Washington, D. C.; Martha L. Meade, Charleston, W. Va.; J. Warcup Morrison, New Norway, Alta.; Earl P. Miller, Lancaster, Pa.; A. McKinnon, Los Angeles, Calif.; Tom McHale, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ethel Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio; H. B. Merrick, Springfield, Mass.; C. B. McFarland, Paw Paw, Mich.; Elisabeth C. Phillips, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. M. B. Paisley, Birmingham, Ala.; Warren Roberts, Simcoe, Ont.; Walter Rodutsky, Springfield, Ill.; D. S. Renwick, Utica, Mich.

W. M. Steele, New Orleans, La.; Bernice Schramke, Buffalo, N. Y.; Alfred Sprissler, Hatboro, Pa.; Mrs. P. M. Scherer, Vero Beach, Fla.; John J. Stagnaro, San Francisco, Calif.; H. H. Trevillian, Richmond, Va.; Evelyn VanHaaften, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Robert N. Vance, Sacramento, Calif.; R. M. Walford, Jr., Shreveport, La.; Laura Wiley, Dallas, Tex.; P. D. Whatley, Miami, Fla.; Will F. Winsor, Boston, Mass.; William E. Williams, Sacramento, Calif.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND ANOTHER $500 IN CASH PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD HE TELLS YOU!

TAKE CARE OF HIM · · THIS WAY!

Don't argue with him. Ignore his alibis and serve him GRAPE-NUTS. *For this crisp, delicious food makes even a small breakfast a safe breakfast. Every man, woman and child can benefit by its variety of vital food elements! Remember that* GRAPE-NUTS, *served with whole milk or cream, supplies* more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. *And its glorious, nut-sweet flavor makes it a favorite throughout the world. Get* GRAPE-NUTS *—a product of General Foods—from your grocer, or mail coupon for free trial package.*

GENERAL FOODS, L.—7-32
Battle Creek, Michigan.

Please send me free sample of Grape-Nuts, and the booklet "Happier Days From Better Breakfasts."

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Fill in completely — print name and address.
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ontario.

NO MORE ORCHIDS

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 25 seconds.)

THIS is the thrilling story of Anne Holt, told by herself. When Anne, after becoming engaged to Prince Carlos of Moravia, met and loved Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantations, her troubles began. Nina, Anne's mother, left Bill, Anne's adored father, for the sporting Toby Wynn, just when Bill was facing financial ruin. Jerome Cedric, Anne's grandfather, promised Anne to back Bill if she would marry Carlos. Bill denied the need of help. Tony, furious that the royal engagement still held, left Anne abruptly.

PART SIX—TOUGH GOING

I CALLED after Tony. I tried to get out of my chair and run after him. . . . I turned and threw myself on the bed and cried like a child. He was right. Right. Right! I knew it. But I thought of everything to prove I was right too.

But the days dragged on, after my mishap on the horse, and not a word from Tony. Not a word! A week, ten days, and I was up and around, and almost out of my mind with the need of him. My own affairs were so bewildering that they left my mind numb. I visited the Prince frequently, and came away ashamed and stricken at the love that shone in his suffering eyes. I simply hadn't the nerve to speak. I avoided grandfather and Ludorf. Once or twice Bill tried to get Tony for me, and then he gave up with an indifferent shrug.

"It doesn't matter," he smiled to me. "Nothing can keep you two apart. It's nothing to worry about. I'm betting on him; I imagine he's right, whatever the quarrel is. I hope to God he wins! Call him up."

"I'll never call him up."

Bill grinned.

I saw less and less of him these days, and often he'd go off on two- or three-day trips that he referred to evasively or refused to discuss. A lot of strange-looking people came in and out at odd hours to see him. God knew what Bill was up to—and I didn't much care.

With every day that brought the twenty-eighth closer I lost more self-control. I got Flossie to go over and get pally with Paulo's nurse. She reported that they were sailing. Everything was packed. All arrangements were made. *He was sailing!*

Bill came to me on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth. He wanted to take me out to dinner—wanted to spend the evening with me. I refused at first; I felt too miserable. But the disappointment in his eyes was shocking, and I agreed placatingly to go.

"I'm going to Washington late tonight," he told me as we climbed into his car.

"How long?"

"I don't know exactly. This trip—means a lot to me, Anne. It's rather—er—make or break, I guess."

"Good luck, then. I do hope you come out of it, Bill. It's ruining you."

"If I don't, Anne, I want you to know I did my best."

"I'm sure of it, dear."

We drove along in moody silence, each of us bound up in a stifling cocoon of heartaches.

The Making or Breaking of Bill—Love's Ruthlessness—Resurrecting a Quarrel—Anne's Big Decision—A Thunderbolt Strikes

By

GRACE PERKINS

"I'M sorry—" I chattered through my gritted teeth. "Now tell me. Quick! . . . Don't waste words, please. I can't bear it. Where is he?"

Bill drove up to a little road house in Harmon—a charming little nook of a place cuddled in against the trees and overhanging a trout brook.

"I wanted to come here especially tonight." Bill smiled soberly as he ordered and turned to look at the moonlit stream. "It has very romantic memories for me. Nina and I had a memorable make-up here one night. The first time we patched up our lives. She had just emerged from an affair with— Oh, well! I never did get really used to her affairs. I hope you won't act like that some day. Love is about the only thing you shouldn't give a discount on."

He frowned quizzically and poured some wine.

"If Gage ever takes you in hand, Anne—"

"Oh, let's drop Tony Gage. I'm never going to marry him. He's the most unreasonable, uncompromising—"

"Don't say it, funny-face. You're not a bit beautiful when you're mad. Is he really sailing?"

"Yes—on the twenty-eighth."

"Why don't you go with him?"

"Bill!"

"I'd like to see you married to him, chicken. I'd feel safer, somehow."

"Safer? Am I such a responsibility?"

"Terrible responsibility." He smiled shyly. "I just mean I'd like to feel there's someone worth while who really loves you and would look out for you."

"I can look out for myself, thanks. I'm not going to give in to him. If he loves me—he'll come back."

"I don't think he's that kind. I don't think he'll come back unless you send for him."

"SEND for him on his own conditions! He wants a squaw, not a sweetheart. Bill, what do two people do when they simply can't get along?"

He shrugged and stared at his squab.

"They can get along if they really love each other. The bigger one gives in."

"I don't believe that's being big."

"Oh, yes, it is. Sometimes the one you give in to isn't worth it; but that doesn't change the truth of the matter. The tall has to lean over to the short. If you love someone enough, you're glad, in a way, to give in. It takes a lot of guts, Anne, to be a quitter when the noblest thing to do is to quit."

"That's sophistry. Utter nonsense."

"I don't know, honey. Maybe. But sometimes you learn that the most important thing isn't always winning. Sometimes the guy that looks like an utter loss is the winner in the background—if you knew the whole story."

"I wouldn't relish being the winner in the background."

"Nobody does. That's why it takes guts."

He scraped his hand through his graying hair and leaned back as if suddenly bored with the whole dinner.

"Let's go out and take a look at the farm," he suggested, half hopeful, wholly wistful.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"HE wants a squaw, not a sweetheart. Bill, what do two people do when they simply can't get along?"

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-three]

But before we were halfway out on Long Island I was sorry I'd agreed to go. The strangest kind of silence, like a dense fog, seemed to settle inside the little car. We were in a funk. Bill wanted to talk about his troubles and I wanted to talk about Tony. Plainly neither felt that the other would sympathize or understand.

At the farm I found that most of the horses were gone—transferred, Bill told me. He and his manager went into a prolonged private discussion about things, and I wandered down to the beach alone—filled with such aching memories of that morning Tony and I had cooked breakfast that I could barely stand it. *Why* wouldn't he call me up? Would he really sail and never say good-by?

Driving back, Bill seemed more himself.

I drove with him to the air field, to see him off. He seemed so much happier, so much more in command of himself than when we had started out.

If only he wouldn't kiss me so frequently, hold me so tight! . . .

Even after he had climbed into the plane, he crawled out again on the pretense he had forgotten something. He took my hand and drew me beyond the noise of the warming motor.

"I'LL let you know what hotel I'm at. Love me, baby?"

"Of course! Silly! I'm nuts about you. Take care of yourself, Bill, and quit drinking, will you?"

He nodded and pulled his helmet down tighter, caught me to him and kissed me again.

"Would you do me a favor, Anne?"

"Sure."

"Go to Gage, will you?"

"I don't know, Bill." I sighed miserably. "Maybe."

They called to him, and he shouted back. Then he turned.

"Good-by, girl. You—you're the best kid a man ever had, Anne."

"You're a lamb yourself. Good-by, Billy boy."

I don't know why I felt twice as lonesome as I drove Bill's car back to town, or why I felt cold, deserted.

The next two days I kept myself so busy that the hours staggered by without giving me a moment to think. But the thought of Tony was throbbing in the back of my consciousness like a dull toothache, no matter what I did.

On the evening of the twenty-seventh I gave in. I couldn't bear it another moment. I got up in the midst of a huge dinner party and walked out. I went like somebody drawn in a hypnotic trance from that dinner table directly over to Tony. . . . Up the elevator to Lydia's apartment, and rang the bell. . . .

TONY himself answered it. Flung open the door, and stared at me with an expression I shall never forget. My eyes were suddenly so filled with tears that I could barely grasp how nervous and worn he looked. It was such a relief to see him—to see for myself that he too had been suffering, he too had been battling with the urge and the need of seeing me.

His arms opened to me, and with a cry I went to him. The nearness of him, the pressure of his arms about me, the touch of his lips, his voice soft and vibrant, and every bit of sanity seemed to desert me. I clung to him, sobbing hysterically. . . . I heard myself begging him to hold me tight, never to let me go—never to leave me. . . . I felt him trembling—and then suddenly, with quieting and comforting murmurs, he picked me up and carried me to the huge couch in the living room. . . . He brought me a glass of cognac and knelt beside me, holding my hand steady with his own. . . . He put the glass on an end table, and then held both my hands, kissing the palms, and put his head in my lap. . . . But I lifted his head, holding his face between my hands, staring at him in a dizzy spell. . . .

"You're mine — you're mine — you're mine . . ." I heard his voice over and over. And I nodded.

"Forever and forever," I repeated brokenly. "And forever. . . ."

"I'm almost sorry for you," he mumbled thickly. "It won't be easy, Anne. The more I had a chance to think, away from you, the more I realized how impossible that life would be for a girl like you."

"I don't care!"

"I'll try to make you happy."

"I don't think you can. I've been thinking too, Tony. You were close to being right when you said we couldn't be happy together. But I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!*

Doctors, health officials, newspapers

WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin through which blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas may pass into the blood stream.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

There is only one answer as to why millions of people fall prey to this insidious disease. And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health—on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

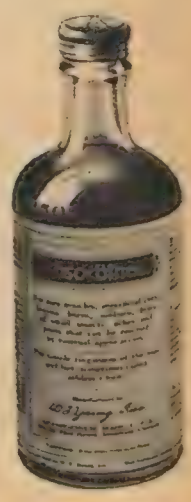
Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's wise precaution. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO! Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.



ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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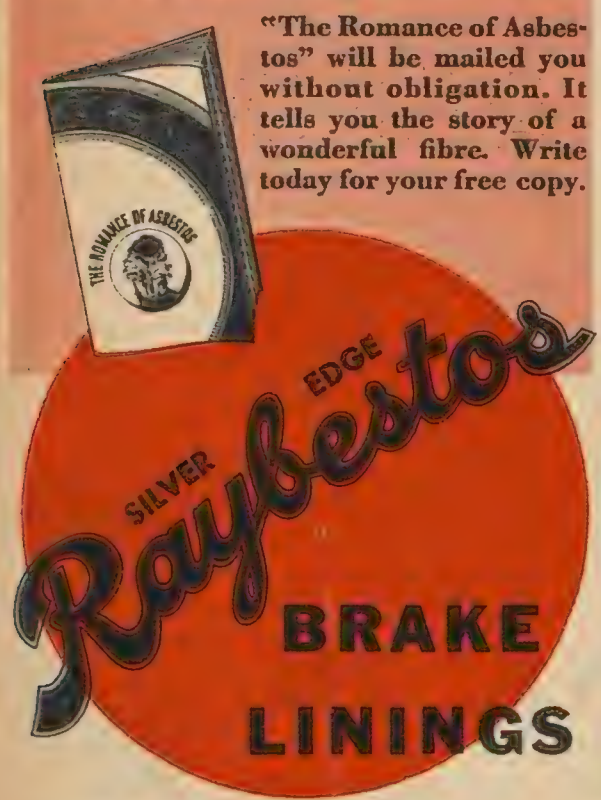


[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-five]

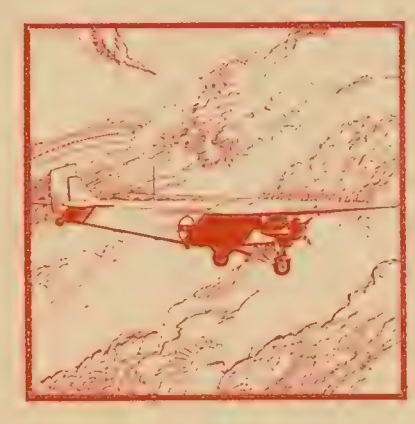
so damned unhappy without you!"

"Anne!"

"Oh, love me, Tony—love me!"

"I love you beyond endurance."

His kiss and his embrace made the whole world drop away. . . . The need of breath nearly burst my lungs; my eyes burned; and I could feel the pulse in my throat like the plucking of a violin string. . . . And suddenly he almost pushed me from him violently. He walked to the window. I couldn't seem to see him clearly, but I called. . . . He lit a lamp, turned, and walked back. . . . Standing before me, his hands thrust in his pockets, his eyes alive with a passion that my own eyes answered, he managed a short, embarrassed laugh. . . .



"We—we'd better get married!" he grinned, and shook his head like a collie coming up out of water.

"Yes. Yes!" I stood up too, trying to straighten my shoulders against the overwhelming rush of my own desire. . . . But the moment he took my hand, my limbs trembled, my whole body ached with the intoxication of his voice—his touch. I laughed suddenly—a laugh of exultation. . . . I put my arms around his neck. . . .

"Yes, yes!" I thrilled excitedly, thumping his shoulder with one fist to emphasize my words. . . . "We'll be married, Tony. Whenever you say. . . . Tomorrow—tonight. . . . But don't ask me questions—don't talk plans. . . . Wherever you go, I'll go too; whatever you do is all right. . . . I probably won't like where you go or what you do; I'll probably hate you most of the time. . . . I'll know you're an unmanageable, stubborn ox, an unreasonable tyrant. . . . But you can be my tyrant . . . if you'll love me! You'll have to love me an awful lot to keep me from hating you. . . . You hear?"

"ANNE! Anne!"

"Tony, tell me."

"I love you . . . Christ, I love you! . . . I . . . But, Anne dear, we've got to think how we're . . ."

"Don't talk. Don't try to talk. . . . I don't want to hear! I don't want to think! We have our whole lives. . . . Just love me. . . . I want you to love me. . . ."

"Anne, for God's sake, do you know what you're doing? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes. Yes—yes!"

The muscles in his face tightened, and his lips straightened with a sharp intake of breath. His eyes flamed, and then narrowed into a smoldering glow. His nostrils thinned, and tiny bulges appeared just above his jawbone. . . . I was suddenly frightened at the ruthlessness that seemed written in every feature. . . . Yet I was powerless to murmur. I felt suddenly weak, and yet I gloried in that weakness. . . .

His two hands went up, and with one sweeping movement he had grasped the shoulder straps of my gown, torn them down over my shoulders, ripping the silver-cloth bodice asunder, the pearl beading showering on the floor around me. . . .

"Tony!" I screamed, terrified. "Don't! Don't!"

"You asked for it. You don't want to face the future, do you? You want love! What you call love! Well, I want you as badly as you want me. Your terms will do!"

"TONY, for God's sake, don't! You frighten me. Please! I—don't want your love that way."

His lips forced the words back. . . . I couldn't breathe. . . . It was useless to struggle. . . . My senses, in spite of myself, reeled with the fury of his possessiveness. . . . I think I must have fainted; yet I know I didn't faint, for I could hear myself moan with pain and shame. . . .

The moon was ashamed, too. . . . It had moved over behind the blue velvet drapes, leaving me quivering on the couch in the darkness. . . .

His back was toward me. . . . He was standing before the fireplace . . . a glass in his hand. . . . His head was bent—his shoulders sagged. . . .

I shivered, and got to my feet unsteadily. . . . I reeled as I stooped to pick up my things, and felt my way out of the room in a daze. . . . I found Lydia's bedroom. . . .

I tried to hurry, but I couldn't seem to. It was almost an hour later that I crossed through the living room, my wrap tightly drawn around me. . . . The lamps were on. He was still by the fireplace.

His voice stopped me before I had crossed the room.

"Anne!"

Why should his voice be compelling? I stopped, much against my will, and found an excuse for turning.

"If you'll hand me my purse," I said tonelessly.

He disregarded my request, but strode over to me. He put his hands on my shoulders, and his face was tired — tender. . . . I turned away. . . .

"I'm sorry," he said huskily. "Damned sorry."

"If you'd hand me my purse, please. . . ."

"Anne darling! Believe me, I—I could kill myself. . . ."

"I don't want to hear. I never want to see you again."

"Anne, you mustn't talk like that. You— Child, you're weak. Come here!"

He led me to a chair, and I sank down gratefully.

"Darling, can't you understand? You drove me out of my mind. . . . I was infuriated that you were capable of such abandon. . . . Outraged that you weren't the simple innocent I'd somehow imagined you to be. Call it crazy—I know. Old-fashioned! Anything. . . ."

"You mean—you thought—there had been others?"

He grimaced impatiently.

"Tony! There has never been—anybody—but you!"

I stared into his eyes, and shuddered.

"You don't believe it, do you?" I marveled helplessly.

"What does it matter? It was just, at the moment, something snapped in my head. . . . I . . . . Oh, Anne, I don't care—if you'll forgive me. Understand! I had no right, no matter what I thought . . ."

"What you still think!" I pushed by him and stood up. I began pacing the room foolishly, talking wildly. "I came to you tonight because I couldn't bear it another moment. Remember that, Tony. Remember that always. I loved you beyond all human strength or sanity. I felt the whole world could go crash if only you loved me, too."

"And I do. We love each other, and that's all that matters. Whether you're a good child or a wicked little child doesn't count."

He was smiling as he came to me, bent and kissed the back of my neck.

I stood rigid—frozen.

"DO you want to see proof of how I love you?" He grinned sheepishly and picked up a wallet from the piano. "Look! See that? The finest suite on board the ship—in the mad wild hope that you'd come. Just in case! See this? Visas on your passport—I got it from Bill and had it all fixed up."

"You were all-fired sure I'd give in, weren't you?"

"No. Just hoping—even praying. . . ."

"But *you!* You wouldn't even answer the phone when I called!"

"I didn't dare trust myself. I knew it was a show-down. One or the other had to win this time. And I knew I loved you more than you loved me. It meant more to me. If I saw you, or talked to you, I'd compromise again."

"You love me more than I love you!" I mocked bitterly.

"I do. Far more!"

I leaned back in the chair and closed my eyes.

"Your love for me, Anne, is mostly infatuation," he said slowly. "You've always lived on your emotions. You aren't capable yet of a love that means much, under the skin. You can't conceive of a love that builds a future, that means hardship or sacrifice, except when that seems dramatic or exciting."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Treat SUNBURN as a BURN!

Get Quick Relief from Pain!

Sunburn is not to be trifled with. It's a BURN—like any other burn. Cosmetic lotions and creams are not enough—treat sunburn with the *burn* remedy used by 8 out of 10 hospitals . . *Unguentine!*

It stops pain—soothes and heals—prevents infection. Treat *all* sunburn with Unguentine—take no chances of needless agony. Heal *quickly*—tan *beautifully!* Only 50c. at druggists.

Unguentine

Norwich

goes as deep as the burn!

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-seven

"You mean it was only a physical need of you that brought me here tonight?"

"You came impulsively. You didn't plan. You haven't even broken with Carlos. You haven't done one thing toward our plans—have you?"

"No. As you put it, I'm not much good, Tony."

"You're perfect. You're glorious! You're all I've ever dreamed of and longed for. . . ."

"Don't! And don't look at me like that!" I turned away angrily.

I looked up, and he was smiling at me.

"You haven't seen this!" He drew a small box from his pocket.

"A ring? I don't want to see it!"

"It isn't so much, of course . . ."

"Oh, Tony!"

"Just more of my preparedness. Anne, do you happen to have a mayor, or a justice of the peace, or some such miracle-maker in your acquaintance?"

I shook my head, all the time studying the little rainbow circlet of diamonds that he held toward me. . . .

"TONY, for God's sake, don't! You frighten me. Please!"

"Is it Greenwich people go to in a hurry?" His voice was coaxing. "It's after one. The ship sails at eleven in the morning. I can get somebody to take Paulo on board."

"You certainly are sure of me."

"You're mine!"

"BUT you aren't sure I'm only—yours."

"I don't care."

"I want you to care! It's true. Some day you'll believe me. . . . I've never, never, never loved anyone but you. But I don't care if you don't believe. Kiss me. . . . Put that ring on my finger. . . ."

"Anne—adorable! You—beautiful . . ."

"It does make me mad, though, that you were so sure I'd come!" I sighed against his cheek.

"Bill wired me you were coming!"

"Wh—what?" I drew away sharply.

"He wired and asked me please not to sail until I heard from you, and that it was vitally important, and that he knew positively that you'd go with me."

"When did you get that message?"

"This noon."

"Of all the interfering busybodies! He had no cause to send such a wire. I haven't talked to him in two days."

"He said he told you to come to me."

"Well, he did—before he left on the trip." I laughed sheepishly.

"Anne, how early in the morning can we get married? We can phone Bill long-distance and tell him the news. Get his blessings. God, I can't wait! . . . Less than ten hours before we sail."

"Wait! Whoa! I couldn't get ready that soon. I'm—exhausted, to begin with. . . ."

"I'll go home with you now. We'll rouse your household. We'll be packed and ready in a few hours. It isn't the first time you and I have been up all night."

"Darling! Use your head. We can take the next boat!"

"Anne!"

"Now, don't begin that, Tony! I'm not up to it. What possible difference does a few days—or even a few weeks—make? We'll just take the next boat."

"*No!*"

We stood face to face again, each resolute—each struggling for supremacy.

"Be reasonable, Tony!" I cried. "I can't rush into a trunk, get married at the crack of dawn, and race to a ship all in a few hours. I have things to attend to."

"Carlos?"

"Yes. Be as sarcastic as you like, but I have Carlos to attend to—and other things."

"You don't want to go!"

"Well, what if I don't? I'm willing to. I can even enjoy it. . . . Will you tell me what possible difference a few weeks could make? If I'm willing to sacrifice everything, couldn't you make some gesture—some proof that you're human?"

"And all this was in the back of your head when you came here tonight?"

"Don't talk as if I'd betrayed God and country!"

"You came here to break my nerve! You have no interest, no heart for my plans! You don't give a damn about the expedition. You think it's an insane idea, though you won't say so. It might be fun—it might be interesting—when we get around to it. That's the way you see it. Well, it happens to be my work! My career! My business! I've postponed it long enough. I've lost the serious interest of many people who could have helped, by hanging around and dodging action. I've lost heart

in the thing myself at times. . . . And I lose respect for myself and the chances of my future. And that's exactly what you'd do with me all the way through. Mock me out of my career, rob me of my freedom, trample my spirit, and leave me a worthless hanger-on. No! No, you can't do it to me. I don't care if I never can forget you. If I spend the rest of my days regretting. I won't let you do it to me!"

"You're—neurotic!" I snapped scornfully.

He squared his shoulders and walked over to me.

"I told you a little while ago that you lived on emotions." His voice was edged. "I told you your love for me was physical. That's what it is. That, and that alone. That's why you came tonight. And you knew you'd triumph over me. Well, you got what you wanted, didn't you?"

"For God's sake, stop!" I muttered, picking up my purse and facing him, my cheeks flaming.

He drooped slightly, abashed. His eyes lighted on the cognac, and he poured two half glasses with painful deliberation. He crossed to me, smiling.

"Will you drink to my trip?" His smile was contemptuous.

"Our trip—on the next ship."

He shrugged, and I felt a faint rush of triumph.

"You can afford to give in one inch, Tony."

"I'll give in," he decided slowly. "I'll give in one way. I'll come back for you. When I've made my pile, and I have plenty to offer, I'll come back for you. Here's to the future."

I put my glass down untouched.

"I won't drink to that. I want the present."

His eyes dropped before my gaze. "All right," he said in a low voice. "I want the present, too. I'll be waiting at the license bureau for you tomorrow morning the moment it opens. We can be married within an hour and still make the ship. I'll wait until the last possible moment. But, with you or without you, I sail."

"Oh, very well!"

"I'll take you home, dear."

"No. I don't want you to. I have my car downstairs. If you come, we'll go on quarreling until dawn. . . ."

He smiled mistily.

"Kiss me—good night."

"No . . . please. . . . I want to go home . . . and think."

"Good night, Anne."

"Good-by, Tony."

"No. Good night, my darling. My very own! I'll be waiting."

II

IN my room, I stood looking into the mirror at myself as if I expected to see a different person. I was different—as different from the Anne Holt of last night as I was different from the baby miniature of me that hung on the wall. . . . Yet I looked the same as last night. . . . A little tired and sober . . .

Ten to one, I'd be at the license bureau in the morning—glad, breathless, eager. . . . Yet life with him would be stormy, rough, precipitous. . . .

I got undressed slowly, and sat by the window smoking. I rang for a pot of coffee, and, alone again, I sipped it gratefully. . . .

At five I got up stiffly and began to pack. By five thirty I was feverish with packing. At six I quit from sheer weariness, and sat at my desk writing to Jerome and to Carlos. Difficult letters to write. But my mind felt easier—freer—when they were sealed.

I went back to the packing. At seven I tried to get Bill on the phone. The telephone girl told me he had left word not to be disturbed until eight. Oh, well, no use rousing him. . . . I called for breakfast served in the room, and got the servants in action. . . . My maid helped me then, and I talked to the housekeeper as I worked.

I BATHED swiftly and dressed with infinite if hurried care. . . . Strange wedding costume for Anne Cedric Holt! Gray cloth dress with long tigerskin sleeves and collar of embroidered georgette; gray coat lined with tigerskin; and tiger turban. . . . We called the chauffeur and arranged to have him take my trunks and bags to the boat not later than nine thirty. . . . I sent him after orchids—my bridegroom was not one to think of such things. . . . At the last moment I called Bill's hotel. They wouldn't connect me, no matter what argument I used. . . . A last look around. Last cramming in of forgotten necessities. . . . Last orders.

Twenty-five past eight and not a moment to lose. I must stop at the bank, cash a chunk of a check, and leave my jewelry for safe deposit. . . . That, and get to the license bureau as close to nine as possible. . . .

I stopped for one last glance in the mirror, and pinned on the orchids. . . . I didn't look tired now. Nor old. This was the last glimpse I'd ever get of myself as Anne Holt. . . . From now on I'd be Mrs. Anthony Gage. . . . Anne—Anne Gage. . . .

Down the stairs went a childishly excited bride-to-be. . . . The door opened for me. . . .

A car had drawn up to our curb—a car I vaguely recognized. A man climbed out. Stopped. Glanced up to where I stood on the steps, and never cracked a smile. . . .

I well recognized the man, though I seldom had seen him in the eight years he had been Bill's lawyer. A cold, crisp, sharp-nosed man, white-haired and erect. . . . Roger Ballantine. . . . The gravity of his face struck a chill in my heart, and I felt my lips freeze as he came toward me. The day seemed suddenly overcast and dreary. . . .

"Good morning, Mr. Ballantine."

"Miss Holt, I must speak to you—at once."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

In buying aspirin, there are three essential factors to consider: The product should be—

PURE
EFFECTIVE
SAFE

You are assured of these three factors in—

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—The ceremonial pipe of the North American Indians.

2—A rope, usually at the bow, for fastening a boat.

3—A state of torpidity induced by the heat and dryness of summer.

4—A peculiar deposit of loam, ranging to clay at the one extreme and to fine sand at the other.

5—The skin of a sheep, goat, or other animal, prepared for writing on.

6—Louisiana, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, and Iowa.

7—An athletic contest in which each contestant participates in five different events.

8—External; public; suitable to be imparted to the public.

9—A divine impartation of knowledge; inspiration.

10—Nearly 700 years.

11—A writ issued from a superior court calling up records of an inferior court, generally to correct irregularities.

12—Julius Cæsar.

13—The style, pin, or vertical plate of a sundial.

14—Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

15—An unusual development of black in skin or plumage.

16—Charles D. Sigsbee.

17—Two.

18—The frigate bird.

19—The robber whom the Jewish multitude demanded in place of Christ, whom Pilate had offered to release.

20—The breaking of a corner in gold, engineered mainly by Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, September 24, 1869.

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-nine]

"I—I'm on my way—" I began, trying to manage "to be married," but I couldn't finish it.

Mr. Ballantine's eyes silenced me. I turned and went back into the house.

I led Mr. Ballantine into the drawing-room. He closed the door behind him, stood looking at me. "You haven't heard anything this morning, Miss Holt?"

I shook my head uncertainly.

"Is it the bank?" I managed. "I've been trying to get Bill on the phone, but he—"

"This morning?" The question was appalled.

"Yes—for the last half hour. What is it, Mr. Ballantine?"

"Your father—is dead."

I stared at him—struck completely out of my senses. He nodded his head slowly as if to confirm his words. . . . He came toward me with a gesture of sympathy.

I stepped back, putting the table between us, gripping on to its edge. "*Dead!* You're—you're crazy! It couldn't be. . . . He was in the best of . . . Why, he left a call for eight this morning."

"He left that call for that hour for his own good purpose. In that way he was sure certain messages would have been delivered. I received a letter—by messenger—at seven this morning. A wire a half hour later."

"What are you—? You don't make sense!"

"Do sit down, Miss Holt. . . . I know this is hard."

I began to laugh, pointing at him with a shaking finger.

"*Hard!* For God's sake, man, why don't you speak out? Was it an accident? Are you sure he's . . ."

"It was suicide!"

"What—did—you say?"

The man started toward me hastily. . . . He seemed undecided as to whether to catch hold of me or reach for a decanter of liquor. . . . I grabbed hold of his lapels and began shaking them with mad impatience. . . . Shaking him out of his calm inhuman iciness. . . .

"What are you trying to tell me? You're . . . You old fool. You're crazy! *You're crazy!*"

I heard him call out. He was frightened of me! He had every reason to be frightened of me. . . .

I dropped back and released the old man. I sat down heavily.

"I'm sorry—" I chattered through my gritted teeth. "Now tell me. Quick! . . . Don't waste words, please. I can't bear it. Where is he? How did he . . .?"

I listened, straining every nerve. . . . Bill had shot himself! They weren't sure as yet at what hour. . . . He had evidently left the call for eight in order that every message he had sent out would be delivered in due course. . . . Mr. Ballantine had a letter for me—a letter from Bill!

I took it mechanically. The sight of his handwriting on the envelope made me shiver. I didn't dare open it.

MORE. So much more. I couldn't begin to understand all that Roger Ballantine was trying to explain. . . . Business troubles. . . . Failure. . . . The bank had failed. . . . Probably today its doors would be closed. . . . At the most, forty-eight hours would see it shut. . . . Bill had been fighting for months . . . putting up a magnificent battle—single-handed practically. . . . At the end, in Mr. Ballantine's opinion, he had done many inadvisable things. . . . Evidently his mind was somewhat affected by the great burden of his responsibilities. . . . Surely, in his right senses, Bill would have handled things differently. . . .

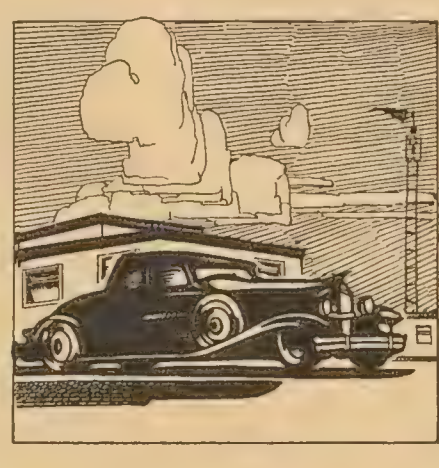
His voice faded away. . . .

I got up with a little moan, and brushed past Mr. Ballantine. . . . I knew he rose and went to the door. . . . I could hear his voice and the butler's. . . . I stood looking into the empty fireplace, trying not to cry—trying not to shake like jelly all over—trying not to scream madly and beat my head against the wall. . . .

Mr. Ballantine came over and put his hand on my shoulder. I turned swiftly. I couldn't bear to be touched—the gesture of friendliness was the one thing that would make me break completely. I walked past him irritably—pacing up and down blindly. . . . Bill . . . *Bill!*

". . . taken the liberty to order some coffee. . . . I haven't had any breakfast. . . ."

I nodded mutely at the voice. The lawyer sat at a table and began to write, his back toward me. . . . I dropped in a chair and began to cry—uncontrollably. Where was Bill when I tried to reach him by phone in the morning? Was he dead in his room? Had they just discovered him and was that why they were so cold over the phone? Where was he last night when I was with Tony? . . . Was he dead then? Or was he . . . Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! . . .



A HAND pulled me upright. . . . The hand offered me a cup of coffee. A little table was drawn before me. . . . I stared at it hotly. . . . A huge blaze was roaring in the fireplace now. . . . The same hand took off my hat, and Ballantine's voice was suggesting I take off my coat. . . . A hand offered me pills. . . . Asperin. . . . The coffee was grateful. . . . The asperin gagged me, and left my throat full of a bitter acrid taste.

Ballantine lit a cigarette and handed it to me. I gazed at him curiously. . . . What an oddly human thing for him to do. . . . The queer old buzzard! . . . I took it and smiled. . . . I tried to listen to his voice. He was telling me that there would be much for me to face. Police inquiries. . . . I would not be required to go to Washington to identify . . . He was going himself and bring the body on. . . . He would leave Glenn Clark, his junior partner, to guide me—practically live at the house if I gave my permission. . . . He would feel safer knowing that somebody would stand between me and reporters—investigations. . . . Did I know how he could reach my mother? If I told him what I thought best, he would be glad to take care of all the funeral arrangements. . . .

I put up my hand. It was too much. I had to take it slowly . . . bit by bit, question by question. . . . I couldn't seem to think fast.

He apologized. He was almost tender. . . .

I gathered that it was necessary for him to go over and see Jerome . . . to see Ennis Parks, the first vice president of the bank. . . . He was flying directly to Washington then, but he would drop back first to see how I was. . . . I was not to let anyone in without his junior partner's permission. . . . Glenn Clark—yes, Glenn Clark. . . . He himself hoped to be back from Washington by the morning. Please take care of myself; there was so much grueling routine to be faced. . . . Would I read my father's letter before he returned? In case there were any directions in it, he would be glad to know . . .

He left me, and I sat frozen before the fire. . . . Frozen. Half alive. . . .

How long I sat I don't know. . . . From sheer weariness I put my head down on the arm of the chair. . . . The pin that held the orchids scratched my face sharply. . . . I unpinned them, and it began to leak through my heavy thoughts why I had them—why I was wearing them. . . . I got up swiftly. . . . I was going somewhere . . . Tony! I yanked back the tigerskin cuff and squinted at my watch. . . . Quarter of ten.

I must get to him. . . . I must get to him! . . . Somebody must go to the ship in time and get to Tony. . . . Somebody . . . I must have him . . . near me! . . . Somebody must . . . somebody must go and get me Bill. . . . Bill. *Oh, Bill!* . . .

I headed wildly for the door, calling out. . . . Not more than three steps, and I fell face forward in a faint.

In next week's installment you'll learn whether or not Anne, amid the crash of her world, can find within herself the will to conquer calamity.

WATCH Your *Utilities*

Public Ownership Best Club to Keep Them from Robbing the People

Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

Albany Photo Supply Company photo

(Reading time: 2 minutes 20 seconds.)

WHEN public service commissions first sprang into being we believed that we had discovered a method to reduce utility rates and to keep them within reason. But immediately many utility interests succeeded in placing their own men on the commissions, or in blocking every honest effort to reduce rates by involving the question in slow court action.

A telephone case in New York—to cite only one example—dragged along undecided from state courts up to the Supreme Court of the United States and back again for nine years before the new rates were sanctioned.

Reductions in many instances were inadequate because, faced with such delays, the consumer preferred a half loaf at once to a full loaf hereafter. No such compromise would be necessary if those public service commissions which are susceptible to public needs had speedy machinery to eliminate existing delays. But though created to protect the public, some of these commissions have frequently been more sedulous in guarding the private profits of corporations.

Whose public service commissions are they—the utilities' or the public's?

Some state commissions now and then advertise a reduction. This lulls public suspicion. But actually the public gets a slice where they are entitled to a whole loaf.

When an organization set up to protect the public fails, other means must be found to achieve the desired end.

One practical way is to get local communities or districts the legal right to manufacture their own electricity if—and this is a big if—after due warning, the privately owned companies do not give either reasonable rates or good service.

Very few communities are in the legal position to avail themselves of this club. Once such a weapon is placed in the hands of the people, public utility corporations will learn to accept only a reasonable return on their actual investment.

No one, or surely very few, wants to drive public utility companies out of business. They are entitled to this reasonable return on their actual cash investments in transmission lines, plants, and distributing systems. But they are not entitled to make unlimited profits.

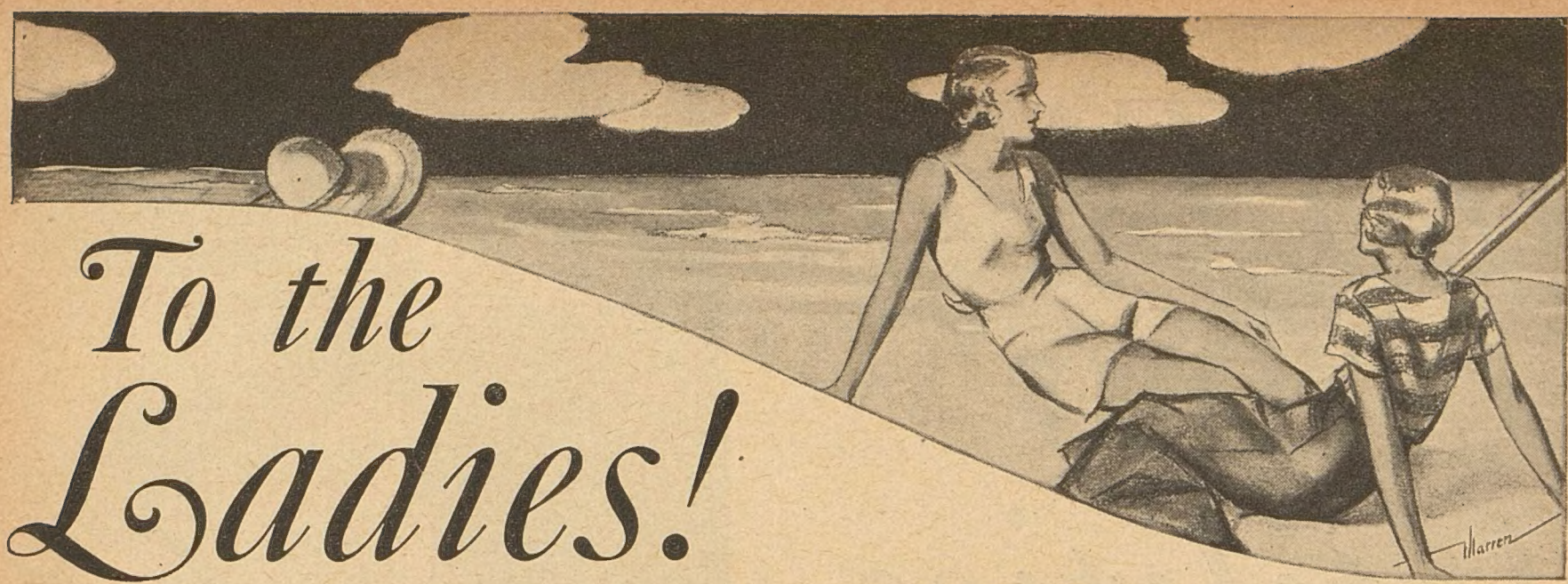
There is an inherent difference between a public utility and other private corporations. Our common law, dating from the days of Queen Elizabeth, and most of our subsequent statutes recognize this difference. Private business may earn 100 per cent on its investment. But we protest rightly when a utility seeks to earn 7 or 8 per cent not only on the original investment but on its watered stock.

The dilution of the capital may amount to as much as five times the amount of the original investment. This means that the individual citizen is compelled to pay much more than is just for his gas or electric light.

Public welfare requires the control of public utilities. Who shall determine this question of control—the utilities or the state?

Between the utilities and the people, the people must win.

Franklin D. Roosevelt



To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

"FARMERS' wives and college women drive the best bargains."

That is one of the interesting things I learned from a talk I have just had with Stuart Chase, noted economist, author of Waste, and Your Money's Worth.

Don't be afraid of the word *economist*. Mr. Chase specializes in new but common-sense ideas about the way we spend our money. He talks straight from the shoulder, and what he has to say hits you, and me, and every other housewife right where we live.

Most of us are illiterate, he says. He doesn't mean that we can't read and write. He means we neglect to learn the A B Cs of economy; we take no pains, that is, to find out what the things we use are made of, and how much they are really worth. He calls this ignorance of ours "the new illiteracy."

Stuart Chase

"A misunderstanding of money has done this," he says. "Money is merely a symbol for the value of things. Money has no real value of its own. But women (and men) now confuse the value of things with the money they pay for them. When they say they have found a 'bargain,' they mean the price of the article is within reach of their pocketbooks. They do not mean that the real value of the article is worth the price. They don't know whether it is or not. They haven't investigated. How can they tell?"

Mr. Chase thinks women of today have fewer chances of learning real values than women of our grandmothers' time, when the everyday life of the average woman brought her into contact with the materials that things were made of and the processes by which things were made.

"We will get out of these crazy supercities," he said, diagnosing the future. "We'll go back to smaller towns and villages. Our factories will move into the country where the workers can have gardens and get a part of their livelihood directly out of the soil."

It is refreshing to talk with a man like Mr. Chase, who sees the present and the future in such large terms—and not too pessimistically.

HOW do the Persians plan their wonderful carpets? A collector has just told me. He said:

"When a new design is wanted, the villagers bring in baskets of flowers, buds, and leaves. These are spread out on the floor of the weaving room. The wise old man of the village takes a long stick and arranges the leaves and flowers in a rough pattern. Then a crude sketch is made, and the rug woven in imitation of the real flower carpet on the floor."

A picturesque method, isn't it?

INCOMPATIBILITY is a quarrelsome word. Couples use it as grounds for divorce. Yet incompatibility can be a help as well as a nuisance. Let me tell you a true story to prove it:

I know a young married couple who get on perfectly together. They share every taste—including a taste for gambling. They play for higher stakes than they can afford; he plunges at poker, she at bridge.

Not long ago he "lost his shirt" in a game. She had to go without a new spring coat, but did she complain? She didn't. She took pride in being a good sport.

At bridge, recently, she lost the money he had given her to pay a three months' grocery bill. Their credit in the neighborhood has often been impaired by her bridge losses, but he never objects. He is a "good sport" too.

What they need, I think, is a little incompatibility. If they were less sympathetic with each other, their future, I feel, would be more secure.

LADY druggists are in demand, I learn. But the job is somewhat complicated. A girl can't be the only druggist in the store. There must be a man working with her, otherwise the shy male customers may walk out without stating their requirements. And if you're a druggist you have to choose between law and humanity every day of your life.

Druggists have no legal right to give advice or treatment; they can't even take a cinder out of an eye without breaking the law.

But most of them can't resist the urge to help when they see people suffer.

Sixteen women graduated from one college of pharmacy this year out of a class of 142. It takes three years to learn the profession. You must cram up on chemistry, botany, *materia medica*, etc., to say nothing of soda jerking, which nearly every druggist is called upon to perform at times.

YOU'LL like reading What Every Woman Should Know About an Automobile, by Hunter Eaton. It's light, amusing, and tells all. (Simon & Schuster.)

IF you are fond of clams I'm sure that you will like this supper dish—Clams Creole. It is also very popular for luncheon parties. Make it as follows:

In a pan melt 1 heaping tablespoon butter, and in it fry lightly 1 tablespoon finely chopped green peppers and ½ teaspoon chopped onion. Sprinkle generously with paprika. Add 24 little-neck clams with their own juice. Now mix ½ tablespoon flour with a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Stir this in when the clams reach the boiling point. Add the juice of half a lemon and a little pimento, and simmer for 5 minutes. Just before serving put in 1 tablespoon cream. Serve with triangles of crisp toast.

Safeguard the precious mouth fluids

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

In the salivary glands is secreted Nature's own mouth wash—the salivary juices. Modern living conditions — mental strain — haste — have caused the flow of these precious fluids to slow down. As a result, decayed teeth and unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

Chewing delicious Dentyne for five minutes will cause an extra amount of salivary juices to start flowing — cleansing the teeth, purifying the breath and refreshing the mouth. Chew Dentyne frequently. It will tend to keep the mouth in a healthy, normal, self-cleansing condition.

Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

Do you inhale?

What's there to be afraid of?

7 out of 10 inhale knowingly—the other 3 do so unknowingly!

DO you inhale? Lucky Strike meets the vital issue fairly and squarely ...for it has solved the vital problem. Its famous purifying process removes certain impurities that are concealed in even the choicest, mildest tobacco leaves. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? Of course you inhale! Every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

And since you do inhale—make sure—make absolutely sure—your cigarette smoke is pure—is clean—that certain impurities have been removed!

"It's toasted"

Your Protection—against irritation—against cough

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